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EPIGRAMS  
AND  
SERMONETTES

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JACOB THOMPSON JOHNSON



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# EPIGRAMS

AND

# SERMONETTES

(INCLUDING HAMMIE SMOOGLES)

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BY  
JACOB THOMPSON JOHNSON

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CAPTIVATING : AMUSING : INSTRUCTIVE

(ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEWIS C. GREGG)

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COPIES OF THIS BOOK MAY BE OBTAINED BY ADDRESSING  
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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

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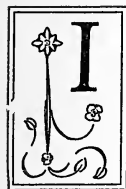
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## PREFACE



IT is with great pleasure that I present this volume to the reading public, and I trust that the contents may be found both pleasing and instructive.

It was not my intention, when I began writing these pages, to put them into book form, but later concluded to do so. I hope that you may find "Hammie Smoogles" an interesting and instructive character, and that you may become well acquainted with him. I have had all his sayings published in a small paper-back book, under the title of "Hammie Smoogles."

I trust that you may find the English Epigrams of considerable interest; and, that the African Dialect may attract you, especially Uncle Wash and Parson Jackson. In presenting these pages, it has been my main purpose to philosophize with you on Human Nature, but with what result, the reading public must determine.

Very truly yours,

JACOB THOMPSON JOHNSON.

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## MEDITATION

Come, fellow man, consider well thy ways,  
Run back o'er thy childhood, reckon well thy days;  
Say first, of all thy wanderings in years so swiftly  
    sped,  
Hast thou gained or lost, art thou living or dead?

Sum up thy whole career, and add the columns well,  
Count each day lost, if no progress thou canst tell;  
Foot up the grand total, and make the figures plain,  
Now, would'st thou live it over, would'st thou live it  
    again?

I saw thee make thy bold and brilliant start,  
Watched thy daily strife in whole and much in part;  
Seemed at first as if thou wouldst run a keen race,  
But hast thou not truly stumbled, and slow now thy  
    pace?

Count thy whole life as lost if no good have done,  
Say naught for thyself on earth, thy course is run;  
But if to thyself and Master thou hast been good and  
    true,  
Thou canst not be false to any, a crown awaiteth  
    you.

In all the lives of human kind, small things truly  
count,  
If thou art versed in these, fame's ladder thou shalt  
mount;  
But if for thyself alone have lived, no note of others  
take,  
Thy future life is dark indeed, doomed for the  
burning lake.

## SIN-SICK CONSCIENCE OF THE SOUL

Standing on the brink of Mercy,  
Listening to a sin-sick soul,  
Peering through the veil of conscience,  
Bound by threads of sin's control;  
Catching now and then a whisper,  
Of things unsaid and never told,  
The secrets of the inner chamber,  
Secrets dark, and chill, and cold.

Myself I took to serious thinking,  
Of many battles lost and won,  
Continued struggles of the wicked,  
From early eve 'til morning sun;  
How temptations round us gather,  
What great things we might have done,  
Had sin-sick conscience in her struggles,  
Never lost, but always won.

Standing thus, and half-way doubting,  
Wondering what, if all were said,  
Might be the meaning of this conscience,  
If its destiny could be read;  
How a day is fast approaching,  
When mortal man shall hear his knoll,  
All mysteries then reveal their hiding,  
Through the sin-sick conscience of the soul.

## WHAT THEN

Suppose the feet conspire to rule the head,  
The hands to speak and hear what may be said;  
The nose refuse to smell, the eyes to see,  
The state of man would then in revolution be.

If earth refuse to circle around the sun,  
The planets in their orbits cease to run;  
The heavens then their glory now would lose,  
Chaos reign supreme planets as they choose.

Suppose the sun, unruly, cease to shine,  
The stars to twinkle gleams of golden wine;  
The moon to show her beauty night by night,  
Swain and lass their love would cease to plight.

If man alone could by his own free will,  
Command the wind, the mountain and the hill;  
In place of God he soon would strive to be,  
Contending here awhile, there on land and sea.

Remember man, consider whilst thou can,  
Who ruled alone before the birth of man;  
Who created, who brought forth the whole,  
Whom art thou, weakling, and from whence thy  
soul?

Ah 'twere better still thou hadst ne'er been born,  
Than assume to rule with thy power shorn;  
The ages past could teach thy feeble head,  
And history prove to thee thy power dead.

## THURS OTHER THINGS

You can talk to me of earthly things, and tell of  
even more,

You can sing about your wealth and fame, your  
palaces galore;

I'll tell you, pard, thurs other things quite inter-  
esting to see,

The vessels out near yonder shore—they are good  
enough fur me.

You can boast of all your wealth and pride, and  
things of that are kind,

You can talk of how you've traveled much, and  
what you've had in mind;

I'll tell you, pard, thurs other things quite inter-  
esting to see,

The spinning wheel on yonder porch—that's  
good enough fur me.

You can tell me of your plantations, and the many  
men you employ,

You can show me all your autos, too, and talk of  
all your joy;

I'll tell you, pard, thurs other things important  
though these be,

To clothe the naked and feed the poor—that's  
good enough fur me.



You can write about your city gals, and talk about  
their clothes,

You can boast of how good-looking they are, and  
how much like a rose;

I'll tell you, pard, thurs other things—a country  
gal can be,

As sweet and pretty as you need—she's good  
enough fur me.

You can talk about your trips abroad, and about  
your city ways,

You can tell of how you've fished on board big  
ships while out in bays;

I'll tell you, pard, thurs other things—ef you could  
only see,

In the cotton fields of Dixie, pard—that's good  
enough fur me.

## EPIGRAMS AND SERMONETTES

A dead robber is less dangerous than a living liar.

An honest man, alone, can not be among thieves and robbers.

Better live in a cottage and own your home, than reside in a mansion with pillars and shingles mortgaged.

A man may be a millionaire and own no property or money, another may be a pauper and own thousands of acres.

A drunken man may often be called a fool, but he was a bigger fool before he took the drink.

Better be a pauper whose word is his bond, than the idle rich man who expects always to be robbed of his possessions.

He who burneth the candle at both ends while young, the same is he who useth a crutch in later years.

Honesty and virtue are two attributes which will never go up in smoke, and may always be carried in safety without insurance.

The most valuable thought which ever circulates within the domain of the human mind, is that of our individual responsibility to our Maker.

One of the very best signs that a man is religious is his meekness, for he who is not meek can not be devoted to anything except himself.

A long tongue and a hollow head make a very ugly and dangerous combination.

The bray of a donkey may be heard a great distance, but the mule himself is a trifling creature.

It is bad enough to stab your fellow man with a dirk, but worse to stab him with your lying tongue.

A woman is the weaker vessel and a villain may degrade her, but a real man will always protect her.

It is noble to desire and to be a friend to others, ignoble to wish others to slave for you.

We are always ready to condone and defend the errors we commit, but more ready to denounce and arraign others for committing the same errors.

The young man who has not been buffeted by the storms of life, knows not the stones in the roadway, and thinks he has the world by the tail.

The old man who has butted up against the realities of life, knows full well that the world has no tail.

A wise man burns the candle of life at one end, a fool at both ends.

Sincerity is but a shallow farce, unless backed by the honest purpose of a true heart.

A strutting gobbler is a reminder of him who is puffed up with an over-abundance of false pride.

A moral woman cannot be plunged into vice without first mentally agreeing to do so.

If a cow has the hollow-horn we bore for the trouble; if a woman has a hollow head there is no remedy whatever.

The man who dresses loud, and wears big diamonds, may have a sly eye out for the other fellow's girl.

If you wish the world to be your friends, give them something, and if you wish to retain their friendship, continue to give.

The old man will labor, economize and sacrifice for thirty years, to leave an estate to his dear son Willie. When he dies, Willie spends all in one year, and during the next year is imprisoned for holding up a train.

We wish no one to charge us falsely concerning the rectitude of our intentions; and, we should be more than careful about charging others concerning the rectitude of their intentions, lest we charge falsely.

False vanity may cause a man to ride in autos, even though his home be mortgaged, but a sensible man under such circumstances will be found walking.

It is all right for my husband to get drunk, cheat and steal, but it is the limit for my neighbor's husband to do the same thing.

Charge no man ill for writing good things, believing he may not live up to the character of his writings, for few men have ever lived who did not write better than they lived. But who can say that because a man writes good things, he may not be living up to the character of his writings.

A rich man may go without much clothing, but the poor must dress-up to be recognized.

Many a man is intoxicated who never saw, or tasted any strong drink.

The world in the nineteenth century is intoxicated and beastly drunk, on vanity and fast living.

Better be a servant in a cottage than a vain and foolish king on a throne.

The rich may sometimes be happy, the poor much more so, for just cause.

We would that others would do unto us, but we fail to see the necessity of doing unto others.

The sooner mankind learn that friendship is only skin-deep, the sooner they will begin to understand one another better.

We are ready to slay the other fellow when he says anything derogatory about our wife, or daughter; but how easy it is to say something damaging about the other fellow's wife or daughter.

How easy and simple it is to tear down, criticise and denounce the character of another; but how indignant and wrought up are we, when another defames our character.

When we make a profitable trade for ourselves, we are prone to feel and think that the Lord is with us; but we fail to see that the Lord is under any obligation to protect the other fellow.

The majority of the world are interested in footlights, and may be called stand-patters. The minority are absorbed in headlights, and may be called progressives, Edison being their leader.

Some people can wail and tear their hair over the death of a companion today, and in less than six months be tied to another with seemingly equal devotion.

Each individual wants the other fellow to obey the law, but for him and his family, he sees no necessity for law.

Friendship with many is a hollow mockery, but the friendship of two true hearts is more precious than much gold.

If you love yourself and worship the same individual, it will be impossible to "Love your neighbor as yourself."

If, knowing your weakness, you despise your sins, it is quite easy to "Love your neighbor as yourself."

"Big I and little you" are true signs of an overabundance of selfishness, one of the most despicable of sins.

He who rides blusteringly past his neighbor in an automobile, with a mortgaged home, is not only a conceited donkey, but is void of good common sense.

One of the best things a parent can do for a child is to teach him to be self-sustaining; and one of the worst things is to leave the young fellow a large estate.



You would be better off as a dog-catcher in the courts of the humble, than a vain and egotistical donkey in the society of the rich.

If to muddy the fountain likewise muddies the stream, what may the children of wicked parents be called, if not mud-cats.

Day before yesterday a young man was pursuing the even tenor of his way; yesterday, through mistake, he was appointed to a responsible position over others; his head swelled over night, and to-day, when his mother called, he did not know her.

The noblest impulses of the human heart are aroused when good things come our way; and the most ignoble impulses of the human gizzard are aroused when good things go the other way.

Many people are waiting and watching for some one to come forth and supply all temporal wants; but forget that the other fellow is expecting the very same thing.

It is all right for my boy to swear a little sometimes, for he just can't help it; but if Jimmie Smith were my boy, I would beat him half to death for swearing—it is awful.

The good book says: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," therefore a learned man may be an obstinate fool.

If the squirrel expects to be safe from the huntsman, he must not bark nor shake his tail, but be quiet and lie close to the limb.

If in making a good and profitable trade, we cheat the other fellow, and the Lord is on our side, He is certainly a respecter of persons.

The sooner mankind learn that the Lord has nothing to do with their temporal affairs, such as cheating and swindling their neighbor; the sooner they will learn that in such cases they are in league with Satan and all his angels.

If the Lord being all powerful is on the Kaiser's side, the Allies are to be greatly pitied; if, however, He is on the side of the Allies, the Kaiser better surrender at once.

A man may read many good books, and still deal wrongfully with mankind. He may read the Bible much and pray often, yet cheat his neighbor out of house and home; but how thankful that these are the exceptions, and not the rule.

One among the most golden of thoughts is that in which we contemplate our individual relationship to the Kingdom of Heaven and of our eternal habitation therein.

The happiest state of the human mind is that wherein the thoughts are those having golden wings, and nothing is truer than "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

It is impossible to conceive that if you and I should be cast into Hell, we would be put in the same place of torment with the highway robber, the murderer, the blackmailer and the slanderer. God forbid!

Cain was most remarkable, being the first child born of woman, the first to commit murder, and the only one to marry a woman without parents.

Jonah went in head-foremost, could not turn around, therefore, came out feet-foremost. The poor fellow was caught in a tight place—the whale had the dead wood on him.

The Bible gives the history of peoples, recording the bad as well as the good, but the teachings of this book are righteous altogether.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego when cast into the fiery furnace experienced a "hot time," but came out without scorching a hair—maybe they were bald-headed.

Solomon is said to have been the wisest of all men, and he must have been, to keep one thousand women living in peace together. He must also have been a handsome fellow to get so many stuck on him at the same time.

If Cain had not been quite so hasty in getting married, he might have found a better woman in the land of Nod.

Cain builded a city—wonder who inhabited that city. Eve had no other children up to that time.

Tell me how you deal with your fellow man, and I will tell you who you are, for "Actions speak louder than words" and portray your character stronger than that of "The books you read."

How natural it is when we are in serious need, to wonder why our friends do not come to our rescue; but when they are in serious need, how natural again it is that we do not have time to look after them, or just don't happen to think of them.

When we are seriously sick, how natural it is that we wonder why our friends do not send flowers or come to see us; but when they are sick, how natural again it is, that we don't happen to think of them till dead; then rush to the mourner's bench with the exclamation, I intended, but!

There is nothing more beautiful and lovable in human life than to possess a spirit of genuine loyalty and rugged honesty, in all dealings with our fellow-man, for these characteristics are not found without a microscope.

One true and loyal friend who will not desert you in time of need, is more desirable than a thousand of the other kind; but, true friendship is a very scarce article and is always prized away above par on the market.

It is said that God cursed Ham, and that he became the head of the African race; however, it was not God, but Noah who cursed Ham.

Suppose God, or Noah, cursed Ham, the Bible does not say that Ham was turned black, neither does it say that Mrs. Ham was cursed—both would have to be turned black before African children could be born.

It is difficult to determine which is the more immoral, he who defiles the body, or he who may not defile the body, but whose mind is always imagining that others are immoral.

Many people are constantly expecting and silently waiting for something to turn up, or a ship to come in; but do not think to turn up anything themselves, or send out any ships.

No man who is any part of a gentleman will be found puffing smoke in the beautiful face of a refined woman; and when this is attempted, the lady should quietly ask to be excused; and at once remove to more pleasant quarters, or into the presence of a gentleman.

Egotism is another one of the most abundant things, if it is worthy to be called a thing, that exists except air and water; and while they are valuable, egotism was never known to have any value.

Human nature thirsts for the friendship and good-will of mankind; but how heroic and transcendent it is to see men and women not thirsting but going about trying to establish themselves as friends and aids to others. One is noble, the other ignoble.

Selfishness may be a good thing with which to kindle a fire, and if so that is about all that it can be fit for, yet there is more of it bundled up in the human family than any other known article.

The most glorious spectacle among the temporal affairs of mankind, is the presence of a well-gowned woman of beautiful face and figure, who is possessed of a righteous spirit, a brilliant mind, all backed up with modesty of tongue and chastity of demeanor.

The next most glorious spectacle among the temporal affairs of mankind is the presence of a well-groomed man, who is possessed of a righteous spirit, a brilliant mind, all backed up with real, genuine manhood, in purpose of life, whose word is his bond, yet active and thrifty.

It is all right for me and my wife to stay away from church and Sunday-school; but I think it is positively barbarous for John Smith and his wife to do the same thing.

As my mother is always my mother, I am happy to have a mother; but if my mother were not my mother I would choose to have no mother.

When I see a man puffing a cigar in a cab, elevator or parlor, where there are others, male or female, I know full well that he has not yet learned to have the least consideration for his fellowman, and that he is not a polished gentleman.

Vanity is a good thing with which to show to your fellow man that you are one common, every-day dunce, for the want of gray matter; but no other use for it has ever been discovered, yet it is an abundant article, common among both males and females.

Immorality is not at all confined to the body of man or woman; but is equally confined to the mind, as well as the body. She who is prone to think and dwell on immoral things, even though it may be because she is all the time mentally accusing others of immoral things, thinking herself chaste, yet she is quite as immoral herself.

Some years ago a young man was graduated from one of our leading universities. Just prior to the day of graduation, his father wrote: "Mother and me air comin to see you finish." He immediately wrote back: "Yours received, I do not think it advisable for you to come, under the circumstances." They did not go. I say unto you of such young men is the Kingdom of Hell.



When on Judgment Day we appear before the Lord, He in order to judge us, will not have to look up some long ledger account to find out our status; no, but only to look at the scarred soul—that alone will tell the story.

When I see a young man going through a railway coach or a public gathering of seated people, awaiting a speaker, singing or whistling, I know two things about that young man. He has never attended the University of Refinement, nor the College of Respect.

The man or woman, who, having accepted favors from father, mother, sister, brother or friend, does not appreciate them during all of life; and show substantial exchange for such favors, is possessed of great ingratitude, and is the worst of all sinners. Such a person should be kept in solitary confinement until death, then buried in a pauper's grave.

A man may say: I am not responsible for being here; God put me here, I am, therefore, not responsible. If He save any, He will save me also. Now, don't call me a skeptic, when I say that He will not save you, without you act your part, in that salvation.

When St. Peter converted three thousand souls by the preaching of one sermon, it is not recorded that he ever referred to the university from which he was graduated, or to the fact that his grandfather was the governor of a great state.

I would ten thousand times rather be in the Kingdom of Heaven with a cupfull of happiness and my little cup running over, where all is beauty, peace, harmony and enjoyment; than to be in the Kingdom of Hell, with a cupfull of Satan's galling sorrows, where all is pain; and I would always be hunting a location where the heat of dissatisfaction was not 212° in the shade.

The preacher who, having taken a text from the Bible, begins to use his polished political oratory, that the congregation may admire his unequaled educational advantages; and paints many flowers on the hillside; and great ships on the ocean, has little religion, and was never intended to even wound the feelings of the average sinner.

If man were not a free moral agent, and the Lord guided his every footstep, there would have been no necessity for a Redeemer; as man could never have committed sin, or be tempted to disbelieve, therefore he could not be lost.

Many a preacher has gone into his pulpit on Sunday morning with a bucket full of ammunition preparatory to slaying sinners. He would first begin his sermon by taking good aim; second by pulling the trigger all right; and third by bursting a number of percussion caps. The reason he could not shoot to kill, was that the powder which he tried to use was soaking-wet.

It is impossible to conceive that you and I, should we get into the Kingdom of Heaven, as if by fire, or the skin of our teeth; will occupy like positions of happiness and the glorious knowledge of God's Kingdom, as St. Paul, Moody, Sam Jones, Billy Sunday and a host of others who have wrought out, while on earth, a greater salvation than we.

It is not so much what you do in this life, as it is how you strive to do; for one may do much, having much with which to do; and another may do little, having but little with which to do. The Lord will give the more credit to the one who strives the more. Remember the widow's mite.

Owing to the free moral agency of man, it is necessary to have a Devil, that man may work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, receiving his proper reward.

It may be said that there is no Hell, but Christ in all his teachings recognizes its eternal existence, and you may not be there more than ten minutes before you are thoroughly convinced.

The experience of mankind in this life is composed mostly of "ups and downs," with considerably more downs than ups. Up to-day, down to-morrow. The world looks good to-day, but bad to-morrow. However, life is very much the matter of our own making. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A young man, some few years ago, was graduated from one of our great universities, at the head of a class numbering two hundred and eighty. Before graduation day he wrote his father and mother, now growing old, to come from the farm to see him graduate. They came, dressed in the usual country style. When he was about to receive his degree, he called for his father and mother to come upon the platform; where, standing between them, with one arm around his mother, the other around his father, he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my good fortune to have only one happy father and one happy mother who are due all the credit for the distinguished compliment paid me here today. This is the happiest day of my life." I say unto you, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

If my friends remain my friends, I am happy to have my friends; but if my friends cannot remain my friends, I much prefer to have no friends.

Never charge the Lord with any bad things—He is just, holy and righteous, and can do no wrong. If, therefore, you see wrong in your midst, charge it to the Devil, who largely rules mankind.

God created the elements which go to make up all things. He created the elements which make fire possible, but He is not in the business of destroying property, or cities, by means of fire—man does that. He created the elements which go to make up the infant of man, but He is not in the business of causing children to be “Born in sin and in iniquity”—man does that.

The most uncompanionable, unhappy and unsatisfactory people in this life, are those who were spoiled when young. They know nothing but selfishness and are always expecting something to be done for them, never seeking to do anything for others. They are always looking for a ship to come in, but never think of sending out any ships. They are dead, but have not as yet been wholly buried; however, the community hopes strong for an early funeral.

When the Devil is chained in Hell for a thousand years, as we are taught he will be, then man will have no occasion to do wrong, and the Millenium will be here.

If two railroad trains collide, because the conductor having an extra drink neglects to send a message, and one hundred and fifty passengers are killed, the Devil must have suggested the drink.

If man were not, by the plan of the Lord, a free moral agent, and therefore could not of himself do any act either good or bad; then the Lord would be wholly responsible for what he does, and could not punish him.

Your salvation, and your final entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, are not in any wise dependent upon how ugly, how pretty, how strong, how weak, how deformed, how maimed your body, how intelligent, or how learned you may be. Christ did not teach that salvation depended in any wise upon the make-up of the body, but upon the exercise of faith and trust in Him.

After we leave this world, there will be continued progress in the next. If in Heaven, our happiness will grow, or if in Hell, our misery will increase.

If you do wrong, being a free moral agent, having the power to also do right, you will be demerited by the Lord for all wrong, and merited by Him for all good.

Those who get into the Kingdom will be completely happy, but your capacity for happiness there may be very small compared to many others, owing to how you used your earthly life.

If the Lord control the actions of all men and women in this life, and one Nation make war upon another, whereby millions of men are slain, and billions of property destroyed, don't blame the men, but blame Him who controls.

Hell may not be a place of fire and brimstone, as to that we cannot say, but if not fire and brimstone, then a condition of increasing dissatisfaction, which will be a torture equal to fire and brimstone.

The chief difference between the saved and the unsaved is: One has become the client of the Lord, and who will sin, more or less, so long as there is a Devil unchained; but who repenteth and trusteth in the Lord; the other is not a client, and does not care to be; neither does he trust in Him, but continues to sin, without repenting.

When we get into the Kingdom of Heaven, we shall be just as happy as we can be, our little tea-cup of capacity will be running over, and we shall not know that others are any happier than we; but, there will be others all around whose capacities for happiness and knowledge are much greater, owing to having lived while here more profitable lives.

The God I worship can do me no wrong in this life. He is a just God and sends the rain upon the just and the unjust. I cannot blame Him for anything which may happen to me in this life. If He is to be held responsible for my condition here, then He must, of necessity, be my guardian, but He is not the guardian of my temporal affairs, unless I have committed myself wholly unto his keeping, and am therefore a saint.

How long, oh Lord, shall Thy sheep stray from Thy fold? When will they be seen to return again unto Thee? They remember not the magnitude of Thy glory, nor the bounty of all Thy tender mercy, else they would not remain from without Thy fold. Teach them how to keep the ways of the Lord, and to do good unto His pleasure forever. Let Thine everlasting goodness and Thy tender mercy follow them whithersoever they may wander, and may the light of Thy glory continually shine around about them.



The Lord is no respecter of persons. He careth naught except for the soul. Whether we have one eye, or one foot, or whether we have strong bodies or weak arms. The soul or spirit is the only thing in which He is particularly interested.

If man is not a free moral agent, he cannot be held responsible for what he may do. But if he is a free moral agent, and there be both good and evil from which to choose, and he elects to choose the evil, then he commits sin, and is therefore subject to condemnation; but if he elects to choose the good, having the faith, then there is no condemnation. Man is a free moral agent, and works out his own salvation for weal or woe.

Whatsoever a man seeketh that shall he also find. If he seek enemies, he shall find cut-throats and robbers; if he seek whiskey, he shall find gamblers and drunkards; if he seek sin, he shall find the consequences of sin, damnation; if he seek trouble, he shall be overwhelmed with disaster; if he seek truth, he shall find truth, and it shall set him free; if he seek salvation, he shall find peace, righteousness and eternal glory.

A man may be ever so learned and a graduate from many universities, yet be a real fool.

I am a free moral agent, I can do just as I please, so far as the Lord is concerned. He does not control me, but nevertheless, He holds me accountable for what I may do, and will judge me accordingly on the last day.

How wonderful are Thy tabernacles, oh Lord, and how amiable the works of Thy mighty hands. The heavens foretell the matchless power of Thy wisdom, and all nature portrays the beauty of Thy conception. The stars sing together at evening-tide, and clap their glad hands for joy at Thy appearing. The mountains with mighty towering peaks, rise to greet Thee in the heavens—to say “good morn.” The timerous birds delight to sing Thy praises from early morn till noon of night. Thy glory, Thy honor, Thy mercy, Thy power, Thy goodness and Thy wisdom are from everlasting to everlasting. There is naught in the universe but Thee, oh Lord, our strength and our shield.

## PLAN OF SALVATION

“Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.” The Lord loveth all alike, the unjust as well as the just, and would that all men may come unto Him. “God is Love” and loves everybody and everything except sin, and hates not man, but the sin which man commits. One soul is just as precious in the sight of the Lord as another soul. All men stand equal before Him so far as His love is concerned; so far as the plan of salvation is concerned. “The Lord is no respecter of persons,” and is all justice, all mercy and all wisdom. He cannot therefore cause one man to be saved and another man to be lost; or one man to become rich in property or health, and another to be poor or ill.

Man is a free moral agent, and has the power to come into the presence of the Lord, or to come into the presence of the Devil; to become the client of the Lord, or become the client of the Devil. Man is a free moral agent, having the power to choose either good or evil; is invited to seek God and the paths of righteousness, and to deny the influence and power of the Devil; and He will reward or punish him accordingly, in other words hold man responsible for what he may do.

The highest compliment the Lord ever paid man was in giving him intelligence, reason, immortal

soul. The second highest compliment the Lord ever paid man was to constitute him not a slave, but a free man to do just as he pleases; and allow him to work out his own salvation, giving him reward, on the last day, for whatever he is justly entitled to, let that be whatsoever it may, regardless of any other creature.

If He had not given man his freedom, but used him as a slave, saying do this and he doeth it, then in that case everything man did would be according to the dictation, command and power of the Lord; in fact not the act of man, but that of his Lord and Master; hence, He could not punish him for the wrongs he committed; neither could He reward him for any good, for the man in and of himself could do nothing; and it would be very unjust to compel man to commit sin, then punish him for doing so.

If the Lord had not made a Devil to tempt and antagonize man, then the man, of course, not having any temptation to do anything but right even though he be a free moral agent, would not deserve any credit or reward for having lived a just and perfect life; but in order that man might work out a life of merit and activity, the Lord in His infinite wisdom deemed it proper to create a Devil. The plan of establishing man as a free moral agent, and also establishing a Devil to tempt him, may not meet with the full approbation of mankind; however, the plan of

holding man individually responsible, and requiring faith and full surrender, was established in the beginning of man's career, regardless of whether he might like it or not; and in as much as this is the Lord's way of doing the business, man has nothing to do but accept or reject the plan.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Christian Science teaches that God is all and in all. He knows no evil and can do no wrong. Everything is of and from the Lord. There is no such thing as sin, or Devil. Man cannot commit sin as there is no sin to commit. We only think there is sin, but in reality there is no sin. Each individual is a God within himself. All men have immortal souls and all will be saved.

The above propositions are in part true, but all are not true. They teach that there is no sin; that we only think there is sin. They teach that there is no Devil; that we only think there is a Devil. Now, in teaching that there is no Devil, and no sin, they must necessarily teach that there is no Hell; for if there be no sin, we need no place of punishment. If, therefore, they eliminate the Devil and Hell, also eliminate all sin; then they take away half of the teachings of Christ and all the apostles, concerning Hell and Heaven.

If the Lord is all goodness and all power; if He therefore knows no evil and can do no wrong; if He rule the affairs of men on this earth, then there can be no sin, no Devil and no Hell. Now, if He control man, there being no Devil and no sin, He has nothing against him worthy of punishment. If, therefore, the preceding doctrines be true, why is it that there

appear among men, so many things which they think seem unrighteous and unholy? Do they really exist or not? Are they in reality righteous and holy things? Are all the things we think we see, such as murder, theft, immorality, selfishness and the many other items which could be enumerated, and which are broadcast among men, really righteous and holy? Do they really exist or not? If not, the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles are naught except concerning Heaven and righteousness.

The truth of the situation is: There is a God who is holy, altogether righteous, and can do no evil. There is a Devil who is unholy, altogether unrighteous and can do no good. There is a free moral agent, known as man, who can accept the good or accept the evil. There is a Christ, who if man appeal to Him in the right spirit, having the faith, He can blot out the sin which he commits. It is Meat and Drink for man that God in His infinite wisdom put on Earth a Devil; and then established a pardoning power, in order that man as an independent free moral agent, may work out in a life of activity, his own salvation and merit, which will be awarded him on the last day; otherwise man would not struggle and work out a life meriting any reward.

Man makes his own destiny by the manner in which he lives on this earth, and is therefore in that sense a God or a Devil, the Lord meting out to him

on the last day, the eternal justice which he truly merits. Man, in his free moral agency, sometimes accepts the teachings of the Lord; then again accepts the teachings of the Devil; and therefore, some men will be saved and others lost. The Lord would that all men be saved, but He can not and will not save man without his full consent, and man gives that consent by living it on earth.

In teaching the doctrine that all men have immortal souls and all will be saved; and that since man cannot commit sin, it naturally follows that men who rob trains; men who commit murder; and men who destroy character and property will occupy the same position in the Kingdom of Heaven that all others occupy. It therefore further follows that the life of one man is just as good and holy as that of any other man; and that there is no earthly use for man to strive while on earth to live any better than the robber or murderer; and in fact there is no harm done if a man knock you down, rob you of your money, then kill you.



## SOCRATES

Intelligence, intellect and reason are one and the same thing. Man alone, of all the animals, is endowed with these, together with an Immortal Soul. The brain sometimes becomes distorted through disease or otherwise, and the man is then said to be partially or wholly insane.

There can be no reason, intellect or intelligence, without the presence of Immortal Soul. The fundamental difference between man and all other animals is immortal soul; hence the difference between the calculating reason and forethought of man, and the uncalculating instinct of all other animals.

The body of man is composed of flesh and blood. The indwelling life of the body is composed of immortal soul. When the soul leaves the body, the body decays and goes back to the dust from whence it came; and, according to the teachings of Christ the soul departs and goes to Heaven or Hell.

All animals, other than man, are not possessed of intellect, intelligence, reason or immortal soul, but of instinct only. In accordance with all Human and Divine Laws, if you slay an animal possessed of immortal soul, you have committed murder, and may be punished accordingly; but if you slay an animal possessed only of instinct, you have not committed murder, and are not subject to punishment.

All human and divine laws recognize the immortality of the human soul, and that all men possess such a soul; but upon the contrary, the same laws recognize that all animals, other than man, have no immortal souls.

It will be impossible for an animal which has no immortal soul, to develop into the person of a man having an immortal soul. A monkey, therefore, which has no immortal soul, could not become man having an immortal soul. In other words, the immortal soul is not interchangeable with mortal instinct.

Concerning the soul, Socrates taught: That the souls of men who were gluttons and drunkards would pass into asses and animals of that sort; that the souls of men who were unjust, tyrannical and violent would pass into wolves, hawks, kites and the like; that the souls of men who practiced the civil and social virtues would pass into the bees, ants and the like; and, that the souls of men who were good and pure would pass into the presence of the gods.

The teachings of Jesus Christ and the apostles, concerning the soul, are: Every human being possesses an immortal soul, the final destination of which is either Hell or Heaven; that if the destination is Hell it will forever suffer; if the destination be Heaven, it will forever rejoice; but that there are degrees in both places, and that all souls in Hell will

not suffer the same, neither will each soul rejoice the same in Heaven.

Socrates taught, concerning knowledge, that what knowledge you may have, you previously had, and that what you learn as you go through life is what you can recall from your former existence; and that what you learn from school and otherwise, is simply calling up, as it were, the knowledge you once possessed. If this doctrine were true, then there is no new knowledge. Mr. Edison has, for instance, learned no new thing.

If Mr. Socrates had taught the "transmigration of the soul" strictly, and said that the soul of one man when dying may be transmigrated into another man, and that the instinct of one cat at death may be transmigrated into some other animal of instinct, the proposition would have been, not reasonable, but more tending to reason, than that proposed.

When Socrates says that man at death may pass into the form of a wolf, hawk, bee or other creature of instinct, he forgets that the man's immortal soul could not be changed into the form of instinct, and therefore become mortal.

When Socrates teaches that one man, having a soul, may die and pass into the form of a beast having no soul; or that another man having a better soul may die and pass into the form of another man having a soul; he forgets that the soul of man

is eternal and unchangeable, or that one man having a soul can not change that soul for instinct.

Socrates taught the immortality of the soul. He also taught that the soul of man at death may be transmigrated into a beast, bird or other creature. If, therefore, the immortal soul of man is transmigrated into a beast, fowl or other creature, the animal into which it is transmitted will likewise possess an immortal soul. And if the soul of man at death can pass into the Kingdom of Heaven, or into the Kingdom of Hell, it naturally follows, from the same process of reasoning, that the soul of the beast, fowl or other creature may also pass into either of the Kingdoms named. Therefore, if man ever inherit either Kingdom, the same Kingdom will be inherited by all kinds of beasts, fowls and other creatures.

If the soul of man is not immortal, then it will cease to exist when the man dies. If the soul of man ceases to exist when man dies, then that is the last of the man—his body decays and goes back to the dust from whence it came. If when man dies, he does not live again, but ceases to exist, then there is no Heaven or Hell. There would therefore be no use, whatever, for an eternal existence beyond the grave, so far as man is concerned.

According to the doctrine of Socrates, when you die your soul may pass into an ox, therefore the ox will possess both knowledge and soul. When the ox

dies, he may pass into the form of a snake, therefore man, ox and snake are one and the same kind of animal, according to such a method of reasoning.

When you were last born, according to the doctrine of Socrates, you may have come from a honey bee; and as to whether or not you have knowledge and a soul, will depend upon whether the bee from whence you came, had knowledge and a soul.

## SUN SPOTS

Science teaches as one theory that the sun is an intensely hot body. That sun-spots are caused by cold air rushing into the depressions on the face of the sun. That sun-rays come through ninety-odd million miles of ether which is dark, and cold as ice. That the sun is three million miles nearer to the earth in winter than in summer. That the reason that it is warmer at the equator than elsewhere is because the rays strike the earth more perpendicularly. The reason it is colder in winter than summer is because the rays strike the earth more obliquely. That many years ago Florida was as cold in winter as Canada.

If the sun is an intensely hot body, there can be no cold air to rush into the depressions on the face of the sun. If sun-rays come through ninety-odd million miles of ice-cold ether they will not be hot when they strike the earth. If the sun is three million miles nearer in the winter than in summer, it would be hotter in winter than in summer, if our heat really comes from the sun; for the perpendicularly of the rays could not make such a difference. If the sun-rays striking the earth perpendicular at the equator cause it to be so much warmer South than North; then why could Florida be so cold in winter years ago, and warm there now, as recent

discovery of fossils indicate. If it is so much warmer in June, than in January, because the rays strike more perpendicularly, then why the thermometer June 20th at  $90^{\circ}$  and June 24th at  $60^{\circ}$ , as the rays on both days have practically the same perpendicularity. If the cold in January is on account of the rays striking obliquely, why should the thermometer stand  $40^{\circ}$  above zero on Jan. 10th and  $10^{\circ}$  below zero on Jan. 12th, for the slant of the rays are practically the same on both days, and the air still.

The philosophy concerning sun-spots will not stand to be measured by real logic. If the sun-rays govern the temperature of the atmosphere of earth the days in summer, according to their own teachings, would be uniformly warm, and those in winter uniformly cold—not cold in Florida several centuries ago, and warm there now. The teachings are both illogical and unphilosophic, to say the least; and are upon the whole absolutely in error, and impossible. While we do not claim to know much of truth in the matter, we are greatly inclined to the following belief: The sun is an intensely hot body of electricity, and is the fountain of all animal and vegetable energy. Its rays of electricity strike the atmosphere, which surrounds the earth, which atmosphere in a certain locality to-day, may not have in it, the same relative component parts that were in

force on yesterday. In other words, one cubic foot of air here may have a greater proportion of oxygen to-day than a cubic foot of air, in the same locality, had on yesterday; hence when the electric rays from the sun come in contact with the air to-day greater combustion ensues; therefore the greater the heat indicated, or vice versa, which may account for the weather being cold to-day and warm to-morrow, hot in summer and cold in winter.



## THE BANKRUPT SOUL

I have been doing business at the same old stand forty years. I have large plantations, much merchandise and money; president of one railroad, four banks and a dozen corporations. Pay all bills when presented, and should therefore be counted a wealthy man, but not so.

I am absolutely a bankrupt, and shall never expect to be able to pay all my indebtedness in full. If I pay ten per cent of all my obligations, I shall come out well; some of the claims have now been standing many years, accumulating interest day and night; many mortgages have been recorded against me, and the situation looks gloomy.

I believe, however, that I am in as good condition as most of mankind—they are practically all bankrupt I fear, with no encouraging hope of getting in a better condition soon. The situation is pitiable in the extreme, and now the burning question is, "What shall we do?"

We are all children of one common father, striving together for the same common end. We arise in the morning full of hope; to retire at night weighted with disappointment; we go forth to meet the rising sun with great glee and song; to return at eve crest-fallen and despondent.

Our political hopes are bright, the people honor us with their trust and confidence; our business is in good condition, the store-house being full of goods, and crops abundant, with good prices; our social standing is good, our friends are many, influential and loyal; but this does not tell half of the story. What shall be the final end? .

My soul and yours, that part only which can exist always, are bankrupt forever; the glory of all things is but naught if the soul, the eternal soul, is bankrupt. For "What shall a man profit if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

We have fought many battles together, the Devil often being our commander, and may fight many more; some we win, and some we lose. We have honored the Devil with all, or most of our offerings; we have lain them upon his majesty's altar, the very best we had; he has been loyal to us, in season and out of season—we have served him well.

The debts of gratitude we owe our parents, neighbors and friends; to say nothing of the transcendent obligations long due our Savior and our God; we shall never, never pay. Have mercy on my soul, oh Lord, have mercy!

## THE SPOILED CHILD

God pity the mother who is guilty of spoiling her child, for she hath committed a grievous sin, and grievously will the child answer it. It is petted, caressed, catered to, made much of, given everything it fancies and more. If there be a nice, red apple around, the child must have all, no division among the other children of the community, absolutely none. It is therefore taught to receive, not to give; to absorb, not to scatter; to grasp everything in sight; not to divide among others; to think itself the only object of admiration; not to admire anybody or anything; and, to always look for ships coming in; never endeavoring to send out any. It becomes a sponge, as it were, to absorb, to soak-up, to gather from others—only to hold. It is a complete bundle of selfishness. The principle grows as the child grows. The only way to get anything from it, is to do it as you would the sponge—squeeze. Of such is a great proportion of the population. When grown-up, they are found in all walks of life, but from them what may we expect?

The most discontented, unhappy, uncongenial and unsatisfactory human beings, who have an existence, are those unfortunates who were spoiled in childhood. They think only of and for themselves; never seeking to do anything for others. They

never acknowledge a fault, in fact are not capable of knowing that they possess a fault. They will do most anything, if they think it will worry, or grieve you. If you wait on them from early morn till noon or night, they do not think to thank you, in fact are void of appreciation; and the more you do for them the more they exact of you. Most of what they do in this life, is to keep up strife and turmoil; for not being themselves happy, or content, they seek to make all others unhappy. They are living corpses, but the community is strongly hoping for an early funeral. Peace to their ashes, if there be any ashes!

## ROMAN TO ROMANS

Countrymen and Lovers:

Ye do me honor over-much, when ye call me chief,  
and ye do him honor, who for seven long years, hath  
stood upon this arena, fighting every form of man  
and beast your empire could furnish, and never yet  
hath lost as victor.

My ancestors came from old Scotland. Their  
bones lie bleached upon her sandy plains, where  
patriotism and heroism are one common household,  
both of which go hand in hand with progress and  
civilization. My early life ran quiet as the brook  
by which I played.

I have scaled the towering Rockies; stood astride  
her tempest-torn peaks, with sword in hand; suc-  
cessfully defied the elements around me; and then  
viewed with calmness and serenity the rich and fer-  
tile plains fourteen miles below.

I successfully swam the Ocean five times, once  
upon my back; and have routed every monster,  
whale and shark known to navigation, which came  
within my pathway. I have slain grizzlies, fought  
lions, tigers, wildcats, hyenas, and all manner and  
form of beasts; until now they recognize my fierce-  
ness; come meekly and humbly like lambs; lie down  
at my feet; and sleep peacefully with me among the  
leaves.

I have met his Satanic Majesty and all his angels in mortal combat; cut off his horns and forked tail; pulled out his fiery tongue; and left him and them bleeding and dying upon the field of battle; so that in the future he will be as meek and humble as a common donkey before a great and mighty storm.

I am no common man as men are known to be; but fierce and full of fire as ye now see me; ready and willing to slay or be slain. I fear no man or set of men. I am no babe, but do and say that which I feel and know. If ye have tears prepare to shed them now; for I see in your midst those who hate me; those who would do me harm; and seeing them it inflames me; it makes me mad; my soul is in a rage; and my tongue is set on fire. I speak that which I do know; but I speak the words of truth and soberness.

If there be one among you who dare face me on this bloody spot, let him come on! I'll vanquish him as I have vanquished thousands. I say let him come now! If there be three let them come! I pause. None? Then none there are who would face me. None who dare harm me. It is well that it is so.

I tell you all that which you yourselves do know—I am no coward, no weakling, no makeshift, but a man; and having shown you this, I bid you farewell.

## CRITICISM OF PORTINIA

The following letter is a reply to one received from the author of Portinia, requesting a criticism of his new book.

April 6, 1915.

Mr. James Calvin Hooper,

Dallas, Texas.

My Dear Hooper:—

I received from you some time ago, an autograph copy of Portinia which I very much appreciate, coming as it does from an honored friend of long standing.

I have read the book three times, each time with increased interest, instruction and enjoyment; and shall hope to read it many more times in the near future, but shall now attempt to give you a few impressions gathered from its reading.

Poetry, generally speaking, is of three kinds: (1) that which is divided into verses and rhyming in couplets; (2) that which is not divided into verses, being continuous, but rhyming in couplets; (3) that wherein the measure is English Heroic Verse, without rhyme.

Under division one may be found the greater portion of all poetry, the beauty of which is mostly dependent upon the rhyme; but such poetry is not usually very deep or philosophic, but may be quite pleasing. Under division two may be found such poesy as Homer's *Iliad*, and Pope's *Essays*, which are usually deep and philosophic, as well as pleasing and instructive. Under division three may be found such poetry as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which carries great depth and philosophy, but is not as pleasing as the other divisions named.

Portinia, strictly speaking, belongs under division two and is therefore to be compared with poetry under this class, or division only. Under this division, I find nothing which seems to surpass in beauty, instruction, and philosophy, Homer's *Iliad* or Pope's *Essay on Man*, or his *Essay on Criticism*. Homer is said to be the greatest poetic inventor of them all, but I am persuaded that Pope is the greatest philosopher of all.

In poetry, as in music, much depends upon the "touch." Touch in poetry as in music, is the counterpart, as it were, of the writer or performer, and in a great measure reflects the sweetness of disposition and refinement of the soul.

In my opinion the story of Portinia, an epic poem bathed in love romance, gilded with pure heart



throbs, expressed in most eloquent yet tender and pathetic terms, consisting of Love's greatest tribute to Beauty, all dedicated to the transcendent charms of womanhood, so divinely conceived and chastely expressed; is one of the most classic, pleasing, captivating, philosophic and instructive pieces of literature ever penned by mortal man; and rivals any masterpiece of poesy produced by ancient or modern authors, carrying with it the most extensive vocabulary of them all.

I have never read a more beautifully conceived story of love and romance; have never known such tender and pathetic pleadings of love; have never read of any woman at whom so many beautiful bouquets of love were thrown; have never seen such delicate and refined word-paintings; have never heard of one who could so skillfully tint the dome of Nature, and artistically shade each little bud and flower; and, I am sure no piece of poetic literature, extant, is so redolent of divine love, as your beautiful story.

You find Love and Harmony not only in the sunshine of Nature; in all the song-birds and blooming flowers; but in the chucklings of fowls, the pipings of insects, the snow-clad hills, the vine-covered valleys, and in all the avenues of Nature. A glorious conception. A divine truth. A true philosophy.

I am sure the quiet, meditative scholar will find Portinia not only full of interest but likewise full of wisdom and instruction; and that he will accord it a place in his library by the side of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Pope and other distinguished authors; and I trust he may be able to refer often, in the future, to the works of Hooper, consisting of many volumes, for I am sure you should continue to use your pen.

In Portinia you act the title role of a lover, and I must say that you act the part exceedingly well. You are a natural born lover—this I have known many years. No woman ever had a more eloquent, devoted and romantic lover than the beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired Portinia.

In melodizing you use the softest possible poetic touch; the tenderest possible sense of expression; the most chaste and refined use of language; and, in all these points you excel, in my opinion, the leading authors of poesy.

In reading your book one is impressed with the idea that the author is a great scholar; a man of extensive reading; that he has lived midst all the gardens of Grecian and Roman mythology; and owing to the language used, that he was the school-mate and life companion of a Noah Webster.

One of the most striking features of your book is the fact that the language throughout is chaste and

refined. In no instance do you lower the tone, nor in any line can there be found a vulgar or degrading word. I hasten to congratulate you upon this and other characteristic features of your work.

The most marvelous feature connected with your poetry is the fact that *Portinia*, consisting of 142 pages, and containing over 37,000 words, is your very first production as a poet and author; yet *Portinia* is within itself a great masterpiece of poetic literature. It is a known fact that poets begin by writing small sonnets, and after years of struggle, a few of them have produced some great masterpiece, as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Homer's *Iliad*, or Pope's *Essay on Man*; but you are able to bring forth a masterpiece as your first poem; this is indeed marvelous, and proves you to be a great poet and author.

Another marvelous feature of your poetry is the ability you possess to weave into your work so many uncommon words, each having its correct place and meaning. Granting that you are master of thousands of uncommon words, yet it is nevertheless marvelous how you can command them so skillfully, and weave them so gracefully in the warp and woof of your poetic fabric.

If *Portinia* were "staged," and I predict that ere long it will be; and Caruso, the greatest tenor in the world, would take the title role of *Don Zeno*;

and Geraldine Farrar, the greatest soprano in the world, that of Portinia; the play being divided into say five acts, I am sure great things could be expected from your story; in fact, I believe it would rival most any grand opera production of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Your short poems are indeed quite meritorious, among the most noteworthy being Christmas Eve, a story of a hermit and his dog, which is very pathetic, and if properly staged would no doubt rival Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle; The Dying Year, very sweet, entertaining and instructive; Twilight, which is full of artistic expression; The Temple of Nature, Sky Lark, Mocking Bird and others, only to be appreciated when read slowly, carefully and meditatively.

In order to read your poems, especially Portinia, with understanding and appreciation, an open dictionary should lie near for ready reference; and the reader must read according to the punctuation, practically ignoring the rhyme; but when thus read and with concentrated mind, there is much beauty to be found in the reading.

I am sure that if Portinia, owing to its depth, and being more or less obscure on account of so many uncommon words; is not accepted at once, it will be later on, for there is great merit in the poem, and indeed it is one of the classics. Milton's Par-

adise Lost is deep and especially obscure to him who will not exert sufficient effort to understand; however, Milton is universally acknowledged to be a very great poet, if not the greatest. Pope is more or less obscure to him who does not likewise study and concentrate the mind on what he is saying; yet Pope is indeed a great poet and philosopher.

I am therefore sure that Portinia will finally be accepted by scholars as a great masterpiece; and that the name of James Calvin Hooper will be handed down to succeeding generations; and that you will be counted one among the greatest poets of ancient or modern times.

Were I you, and had I your ability as a writer and author, I would devote the remainder of my life to literature, and attempt to write many books.

I bid you God speed in such glorious work.

Your friend always,

JACOB T. JOHNSON.

## IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning, through His word we are told,  
 God became an author, and did this world then un-  
     fold;  
 From nothing whatsoever, ere the first blush of  
     morn,  
 God created the heavens, soon all things else were  
     born;  
 Though incomprehensible, these things may seem  
     to be,  
 They're now facts, without fancy, as all fully agree.  
 In the Garden of Eden was the first birth of sin,  
 Where man, woman and devil, did these three begin;  
 The trail of the serpent, as all may now see,  
 Marked the first real beginning, and the second  
     degree;  
 The seed of destruction thus planted within,  
 Cain being the first, was the first child of sin.  
 Imperial wisdom hath from ages all,  
 Proclaimed man's destruction, as man's own fall;  
 Created free agent, with much reason to guide,  
 Why should there be destruction, why vanquish his  
     own pride.  
 Had Adam and Eve, both perfect and true,  
 Been free from temptation no murder would ensue;

But God in His wisdom, which we fail to understand,  
Made likewise a Devil, who plays a shrewd hand;  
When he is chained in hell, as we are taught he  
will be,  
Mankind will then be loose, independent and free.

## TEMPTATION

The naked hills lie sportive to the breeze,  
The plains below are nude as billowy seas;  
The frisky winds in madness play around,  
They first assault, then rape the holy ground.

Winter forests torn by fierce and stormy breeze,  
The limbs of which are exposed to frost and freeze;  
The moral is be careful how you clothe,  
The naked form and when and where you rove.

Temptation's great, as those who will may know,  
Be careful then, be careful how you sow;  
For scandal and remorse, two things will follow all,  
Who sow the seed of discord, resulting in their fall.

He who will may by his own accord,  
Ascend to heights of fame or dying curse his Lord;  
Whate'er may come, whate'er may go away,  
Man if not progressive will die and soon decay.

The drunkard's grave though only six feet deep,  
Entombs a husband whose family in madness weep;  
The sparkling poison and opiate did contain,  
A loving father the fiery drop hath slain.



## THE RUGGED PATHWAY

When selfish man this earth shall cease to trod,  
And nations steeped in blood shall know there is a  
    God;  
Imperial wisdom then shall take her place,  
And rule mankind as all of one immortal race.

When egotism, man's boon companion true and  
    strong,  
And the I of man shall cease among the throng;  
All men shall then to freedom beck and call,  
And righteousness her place shall take among them  
    all.

When vanity no more man's destiny shall here com-  
    mand,  
And pride shall be entombed a thousand feet be-  
    neath the sand;  
The golden rule may then have chance of public  
    sway,  
And point with clearness all mankind the way.

## WHY DECEMBER WAS LIKE MAY

*(May be sung like Silver Threads Among the Gold)*

I remember, yes, my darling,  
 Five and forty years ago,  
 You and I were fond of playing,  
 In the fields so white with snow.  
 Oh, how precious were the moments,  
 When you and I were young and gay,  
 Do you still remember, darling,  
 Why December was like May?

*Refrain*

Why December was like May—like May,  
 Why December was like May,  
 Do you still remember, darling,  
 Why December was like May?

Love was budding, oh, so tender,  
 Growing stronger day by day—  
 Soon the bud became a flower,  
 Then December was like May.  
 Hear the wedding bells a-ringing,  
 To the church from far and near,  
 Friends and kinsmen, they are going,  
 To greet the bride so young and dear.

*Refrain*

Then December was like May—like May,  
 Then December was like May,  
 Soon the bud became a flower,  
 Then December was like May.

When the wedding was all over,  
 We together planned the way,  
 The many years we'd have to journey,  
 That December might be May.  
 Darling, we are growing old,  
 Cheeks are pale and hair so gray,  
 Many years we've spent together,  
 Still December's just like May.

*Refrain*

Still December's just like May—like May,  
 Still December's just like May,  
 Many years we've spent together,  
 Still December's just like May.

## AFRICAN DIALECT

Pears lack da aint nuver guine tuh finish builden uv dis here church. Da been foolen-long wid it now guine on a year, and it haint half dun yit. Some folks des ain no count no way.

Well sir, ef sum dem white galls des done take da cake sho! I seed wun guine up da street dis mornin, an she wuz a whoop-po-will! Pon my wurd, dat galls dress didn cum no whar near da grown—struck her des bout da nees—wid no stockens hardly, an all da menfolks a looken. She wuz sum hunny-gall, bleve me.

Whar you wurks nigger? Whar I wurks? I wurks fur Mister John Curtis whut lives on Piedmont Avenue. Whar you wurks? I wurks wid Misses Smiff out on da Powell Mill road, des fo you gits tuh da bridge. You knows whar dat little tiny white church? Well, des tuther side uv dat.

Whut matter wid you Jozie? Wid me? Yes *you*. Well, you no dat flat-nose nigger whut you seed wid me tuther night? Well, dat scoundell, he low dat I brings all his meals tuh him fum whar I wurks, an besides, give him all my muney Satday night, too, black scoundell—dat whut matter wid me!

Cum-ere Rastus, you hear me? Fotch me dat water melon, you black scoundell. Whar you git it? Green? I beat you tuh death nigger ef I uver kotch you wid anuther green water melon—you ain got no sense no how. Huh, *green* water melon.

Miss Smiff, I wants to ax you a queston. Well ax-away. Iz you married? Iz I married? I r-e-c-o-n not. How cum you aint? Well, its des lack dis: I wuz married wunce, but my husband sot aroun and sot aroun. I had tuh do all da wurk, so wun day I des give him a kick out uv da back door an tole him to git, and he nuver iz showed up no mo—dats da reason I ain married!

Lord nose chile, whar you bin all dis time? Down tuh Griffin? Bless my soul, dont you no better dan tuh stay in dat town? I dun leff dar long-go.

Da tells me dat all da cullud people iz guine back tuh Africa whar da cum fum, but bless my soul ef I wants tuh go, caze da say dat country iz des full uv dem yallagaters. Huh, not me! I ain ready tuh be et-up yit.

Whut number shoes you wars auntie? Whut number shoes I wars? I wars tens, I ken wars levens, dese iz twelves, but da sho do hurts my feets.

Bin tuh church Annie? Yassum but ain guine no mo. How cum? Caze I dont lacks tuh hear dat black-monkey. Hes nuthin but a blaten mule, dats all—flat-nose devil! He ain no better an I iz no how.

Rastus, whar wuz you guine wid dat yaller gall las night? Whar wuz I guine? I ain seed no yaller gall. Yes you iz, you nasty black scoundell, you knows you iz. I kotch you cohortin roun wid dat thing, da wont be nuff lef uv you tuh say blessen over—you hear?

How ole iz you Uncle Tom? How ole iz I? Lord bless yo soul, I dun been here all duren uv da war, an l-o-n-g fo dat. I member when Mars Charles fust went out tuh da war, riden uv a big white hoss. I speck ize guine on seventy-five er thirty years ole by dis time.

I lacks dem white folks when da treats me right, but when da treats me wrong, I sho doo spizes em.

Ef ole Joe Dikes cum noratin roun here agin, I guine tuh bus him wide open, nasty stinkin thing, let me kotch him wid dat tuther gall—I sho will make sum sausage meat.

Julia, when iz you an dat black nigger, Jim Smiff, guine tuh hitch-up? Never? Shet-up Julia, you nose dat not so. You all been luven long, long time, an it pears tuh me dat you ought tuh be doin sumpen by dis time. Huh, we dun broke off long-go.

Good mornin, Manda Jane. How iz you feelen dis mornin? Well, I aint feelen very excrushiatin, I has a misry in da side, think maby I has hicuspookus or da wampus wun. Iz you hadum? No, chile, iz had about evy thing but dem do.

Mariah, iz you uver met up wid da new Bishop whut iz cumen tuh preach fur us nex Sunday? Nome, he nuver hav been induced to me enformly, az I nose uv, but I has hearn him preach wunce las year, I think it wuz.

Day tells me dat all da white folks will be roused offen da property whut da now has, an we cullud people guine tuh take full pursession. You hear dat too? No, I ain nuver hearn nuthin like dat, an further than mo I dont bleves sich talk.

Uv all da folks I uver did see, dem Jackson galls takes da pudden. Miss Sallie loud tuh me dis mornin dat she wuz da puddies gall in da whole town. I hope tuh die stone-dead ef she ain da mos uglies white woman I uver did see.

Lizer, dis here chicken sho do tase good. I recon it do. You had a hard nuf time gittin it. Whar you find it? I kotch it in da hen roos uv Mr. Jack Anderson on Capitol Avenue, but I lack not tuh land it. Da shot at me twice, an I sho did run.

Bro Jackson, ken you tells me whar tuh find a reel good rat dog fur tuh kotch rats? Nome, not az I nose uv. Well, listen here, ken you tells me how fur tis tuh Mrs. Newtons whut live out on da Brookwood road, I dun cum a mile already? Yes, but you aint nuver started yit nigger, caze dat place is fo miles fum here.

In all my rustications in dis community, I ain nuver iz seed no place whar I lacks tuh live yit. I mos gineraly lacks wun whar I ken looks down on my neighbors. Ef you sees a house wid two rooms for tuh rent, an you thinks it would soot my plex-ion, and my deviroments, please let me no, caze my rents due, and I got to move fo da puts me out.



Cum here Nora! Cum to me I tells you! I kotch you playin wid dat gall any mo I guine to strip da hide offen you! People passin here think yous Irish.

Dont you say nuthen, caze I aint guine tuh git mixed up wid nuthen, but ef old lady Andrews didn des beat da wool offen dat no-count husband of hern las night, may da good Lord strike me dead. Beat him? I r-e-c-o-n she did beat him, I bet he cant walk fur a whole munt.

Ef da good Lord lets me live, I sho nuver will be caught a wurken fur Mr. Pendergrass any mo after dis week when I gits my pay. Why child, whuts de matter? Huh! I say matter! Ever things da matter! Nuthin go right wid dat scoundel. He all da time gits drunk, beat his wife, and des cusses round genally. I dont wurks fur no sich trash as dat.

My fus husband wuz good tuh me, but he stole a mule, and da put him in da Pen. My nex wuz mose lack da Devil. Oh! he wuz a wild-cat right, but thank da good Lord, da dun put him in da Pen too! Hows da wun whut you tuck up wid las? Huh! Dont say nuthin fur I dun fix him right. Why, whut you dun to him Liza? Dun tuh him? Dont talk nigger.

Morn dat I ain guine tuh hav nuthen tuh doo wid dat scoundrel, fur hes nuthin but a lazy no-count, good fur nuthen nigger—black babboon! Ef he uver cum prowlen roun dis place any mo I guine beat him tuh death. Ill make him no who hes talkin his blab tuh.

Da des ain no use talken, you cant beat no sence in niggers heads. I heap ruther try tuh teach wun uv dese here billy goats how tuh plow dan tuh try tuh teach a black-babboon any thing.

Da say dat ar nigger whut shofers fur Capt. English on Peachtree Street got his self in a terrible mess wid da cook. He hit-er over da head wid a skillet, an she sprung at him with a case knife. La chile da say she sho did make sausage meat outn dat nigger.

Dis sho iz wun funny world. How cum Louise, whut make you say dat? Well er-a you nose dat yaller gall whut live wid ole Miss Judson down at number 316 dont you? Yes, I nose her, why so? Well da says dat she look lack me, but you no hunny, I cant tuh save me sees any assemblence whutsonever.

*Rastus*: Cum-ere nigger. *Sambo*: How cum I mus cum tuh you? *Rastus*: Aint I dun tole you to cum tuh me? *Sambo* (coming close): Whut? *Rastus*: I wants tuh ax you a queston. Ef you wuz near a grave-yard sum night, and you sees sumpin white m-o-v-e-n round up dar, whut would you doo? *Sambo* (scratching his head): Whut would I doo? *Rastus*: Yes whut would you doo? *Sambo*: I dont no a-zactly all da things I would doo, but I nose one thing I would doo. *Rastus*: Whut iz dat? *Sambo*: Dat grave-yard, nigger, would be in anuther county fum me in less dan fifteen minutes, caze I sho would be flyin no quicker dan I sees da gost. Whut would you doo under dem curcumstances? *Rastus*: I would be in da nex county beyand you in less dan ten minutes an no bullet could cotch me. *Sambo*: How you lack dat? *Rastus*: I sees whar you an me iz bofe right, nigger.

## UNCLE WASH

Uncle Wash Smith was hauling a load of dry lumber to town for Col. Harvy Houston. While driving along another negro, Buster Hughes, came along and wanted to ride. "Hello Uncle Wash, I wants tur ride to town." "Well hop in." After going some distance, Hughes thought he would



twist the mules' tails to make them go faster, so he did. No sooner than he twisted the tails, the mules kicked the pipe out of his mouth and set the lumber on fire.

After working with Hughes and one of the mules awhile, Uncle Wash goes into a drug store at the edge of town, and says: "Mister, I wants to uze da fome, please sur. Hello, I wants to speak wid Col Harvy Houston, please mam. Iz dis you Col? Please mam give da phome to Col Houston. Iz dat you Col Houston? Well, dis iz ole Wash. Yo ole Wash. Da nigger whut hauls fur you. Yes sur Col, ole Wash. Col Houston, whut I wants to speak wid you bout iz dis: Az I wuz cumin to town wid dat load uv lumber, a nigger axed me to let him ride, an I dun so. Well, you know dat fool nigger twist da mules tails widout sayin nothin to me, an da fotch-up all at wunce, and kick him plum offen da wagon, an lack to kill im too. Yes sur, I dun laid him out in da grass, but his head iz all bloody and skint up. Yes sur, da doctor workin wid him now, and say dat da iz sum hopes fur him yit. No sur, I nuver dun nuthin, da mules kick too quick fur dat. Col whut I call you fur, mosely, wuz to no whut to do bout da mule, Jim, he near bout dead too, da hair dun all burnt offen da tail an mose uv da body. Ole Betts. She all right, nuthen matter wid her. No sur, da wagon an lumber dun burn up long-go. Yes sur, dat all."

Aunt Mariah iz you da wife uv Uncle Rastus Jones, whut live on Huff street? Yassum, ize da

wun, yassum he da wun Im married tuh, and hes a goodun too. I dun been liven wid him soon be guine on fifty an odd yers now. We wuz married reckly arter da Civul War. We has six childun, da oldes wun iz plum grown. Yassum, ize da wun. Pears tur me lack I nose you? My name Lois Little, whut live nex house to da bridge des beyand you. Glad tur meet wid you Miss Little, I thought yo face look a familar semblance. Well er-a, I mus be guine. Good bye. I'll be seein you sum mo.

## PARSON JACKSON

*(In A Vigorous Sermon.)*

Explains how the African race became black and the servants of others.

Bruthurn and Sisturn: I wants to speak wid you dis mornin, bout how you and me wuz made black. You will find my tex in da 9th chapter of Genesis, and the 25th verse, which reads as follows: "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."



Accordin to dis blessed book, my friends, da wuz wunce a great flood upon dis earth, wharin all da people wuz drown, cepten Noah and his family, con-

sisten uv Noah, his wife, his three sons, Shem, Ham and Japeth, an da wives.

Soon after da Ark rested on da mountain, an da waters all dried up, so dat da dry land appeared, Noah an his family begin to raise grapes an uther vegebles. Noah got mighty drunk pon dis grape-juice an lay down on da floor, or on da grown. Ham, da younges son saw him layin dar, and fearen he might cotch cold, tole da uther two to kiver up da ole man, an da did. Now, when Noah wake up, somehow he got mighty mad dat he wuz kivered up, an enquirin aroun, he found out dat Ham wuz spon-sible, den he commence to cuss Ham as explaind in da tex which I read to you. He tole Ham dat he should be da servant uv Shem an Japeth.

Now dat iz dest azactly why you an me iz black here dis mornin, as Ham wuz our ancestor, but you will see frum da readin matter, dat we wuz turned black widout any scuce at all. Ham, when he axed his bruthurs to kiver up da ole man he wuz doin uv a good deed, an-a doin uv no rong.

Ef you wuz to see any body drunk, layin on da grown, I nose you would do dest whut Ham dun, fur it would be doin a christin act, an a showin da christin spirit, wouldnt it—course it would. Now you ken see fum da history of da case, dat we wuz turn black widout any cause whutsoever an dat we



has been made da servants of da childen uv Shem an Japeth ever sense, who is da white people you see all round you, and dem you wurks fur.

You will notice anuther important thing in da chapter containin uv my tex, an dat iz, dat before Noah got drunk, an cussed Ham, dat Ham wuz dest as white as Noah or da uther two sons, in uther words, dat we wuz wunce dest as white, bless da good Lord, as any uv da white folks—yes we wuz!

You will notice still another thing fum dis same chapter, thank da Lord an dat iz, dat dese three boys uv Noah, wuz full bruthurs. Now whut you git outen dat? You gits dis, bless God, you gits dis, dat weuns an da whites wuz bruthurn an sisturn. Now, ef we wuz bruthurn an sisturn den, we iz still bruthurn an sisturn aint we? (A good old black sister jumped up and shouted: “Thank God, bro Jackson, thank God, you dun tole da whole trufe, Amen.”)

Now bruthurn an sisturn whut has you got to be ashamed uv. Nuthen at all, thank God, nuthen at all, but when you knows dat you wuz put in dis condition widout any cause, an dat you iz still kin-folks to da whites, dest da same as ef you never had been turned black, an further-than-mo, dat you iz dest as good as da iz, den let us rejoice evermo.

(Several men and women here jumped up and shouted: "Thank God brother Jackson, thank God you dun tole da whole truf, thank God Amen! We always knowed we wuz dest as white, cepten da skin, an dest as good as any body, bless God, Amen.")

NOTE: It is both unscriptural and illogical to say that "God cursed Ham and he became the head of the African race." It was Noah who cursed Ham, but there is no authority for saying that Ham became black. Noah could not have turned him black, but suppose he did, he would have to turn Mrs. Ham black, too, but he never cursed Mrs. Ham. God made all the races of men.

Annie, did you hear bruther Jackson preach out at Shilow Church yistidy? Nome, but I dun hearn bout it already. Wuz you dar? Yes, an I tells you he sho did tell it out. You know whut he said? I dono all da things whut he said but I hearn sum uv dem. Whut did he say? Well ur-a, he said dat da reason we iz black wuz caze ole Noah got drunk an cussed Ham an turn him black—dats why! Well, whut we got to do foolin wid Ham—who is he any how? Well, Annie, Ham wuz ur-a wun uv da ances-ters, hunny. I dono nuthen bout no sich things as ancesters, but I knows wun thing, dat ize black, dest caze ize black, dats all, Ham ur no Ham.

Da tells me dat Bro Jackson sho did stir dem niggers up, at Shilow last Sunday. Da now sez dat da aint niggers nomo, but da guine call dimselves dark-skin-white-folks, an dat da used to be white-folks sho-nuff, an dat sum drunk man turn um black. I knows wun thing, an dat iz, dat my heart iz dest as white as any white folks heart—dats da trufe, sho as God made little apples—bless God, it sho iz.

Uncle Andy, iz you dun hearn bout how Bro Jackson stur-up all da niggers when he preach out at Shilow sum two weeks ago? Yassum, I hearn bout it, but you no wun thing? Whut? I dont bleves nuthin lack whut he said bout dat Ham business. Dont you no nigger, aint you got sense nuff to no, dat a fool drunk man cant have da power to turn a man black? An ef he did have da power, he would have tuh turn Misses Ham black too, caze ef he didnt da would be no black childuns, an da Bible dont say he turn Misses Ham black. I dont bleves whut da preacher said bout it, no I dont. I bleves I ize black dest caze ize black, dats all, an dat da good Lord made us dat way.

## LIFE'S JOURNEY

All along Life's public highway,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Many millions now are going—  
Some to sink and some to save.  
When Life's journey shall have ended,  
And the mortal turns to clay,  
The soul eternal hath ascended,  
There to meet on judgment day.

When the judgment shall be rendered,  
And each soul its place assigned,  
Where, my brother, shall thine be,  
Where shall mine be then confined,  
With Jehovah and the Angels,  
Christ our Savior, all of them,  
May our spirits ever mingle  
In the New Jerusalem.

## ESTATE OF MAN

Respecting the estate of man some things may well  
be told,  
He worships at the throne today, tomorrow thirsts  
for gold;  
Truth and justice here proclaim—there cheats his  
fellow man,  
Seeks to live an honest life, yet serves old Satan  
best he can.

An honest and a truthful man to all who hear him  
talk,  
He'd have you clearly understand he's that in daily  
walk;  
Follow him by land and sea, observe closely where  
he goes,  
With these to-day and honest set, to-night a faded  
rose.

The cur when caught in mischief will cower and  
will fear,  
Man detected of a crime, defies, pricks up his ear;  
As if defiance bold and strong, could serve to make  
aright,  
The honesty of purpose today and sin again tonight.

'Tis well that all who come and go be not of this lone  
sphere,  
For only the exception, not the rule, is contemplated  
here;  
Unholy and unrighteous love, a deadly poison true,  
Enemy alike of all mankind, from sin alone it grew.

## PASSING TIDE.

Christmas-tide hath come ere long,  
Children's hearts have leaped with song;  
Joyous greetings have been exchanged,  
Between, among, the millions prearranged.

Santa, with reindeer swift and strong,  
Hath made his rounds among the throng;  
To gladden hearts, to help the poor,  
And cheer the children again once more.

The year so glorious is dying now,  
It's done its work, let's shroud its brow;  
Prepare the corpse with gentle hands,  
Bury it with love—these are demands.

There's the dawn of another year,  
Let's greet it friends, and bid good cheer;  
Name the babe in swaddling clothes,  
Let's name it now before it grows.

It's crawling, leaping—watch it bound,  
Stand back, stranger, hear the sound;  
Winter, spring-time, birds and flowers,  
Leaves of gold and frost-bit bowers.

## THE FOOL HATH SAID

The fool hath said, and others like him,  
may continue thus to say,  
There is no life, no hope, no light,  
there is no eternal day;  
When death forsooth, the dragon monster,  
plucks life from out its house of clay,  
Beyond the tomb there's naught but sleep,  
no birds, no flowers, springtime or May.

Why dost thou reason thus, my brother,  
see yon towering mountain bold,  
From whence hath come that ugly monster,  
with topmost peak in regions cold;  
From out some tempest wild and furious,  
tempest back in days of old,  
Hath come this mighty, rugged monster,  
whose weight exceedeth all earth's gold?

Hast thou not heard the pealing thunders,  
bursting from the clouds aglow,  
Hast thou not seen the flashing lightnings,  
fleeting storms and falling snow;  
See those twinkling stars up yonder,  
how the light runs to and fro,  
Dost thou not know the earth is turning,  
hath thou not watched the flowers grow?



Hast thou not seen the Sun at morning,  
    rising as the kind of day,  
Dispensing light, and heat, and glory,  
    sweeping westward on his way;  
From whence, think ye, from whence this glory,  
    by whom, and when, oh brother, say,  
From whence doth come this heat dispenser,  
    always sending forth his ray?

Watcheth thou not the moon at evening,  
    changing empress of the night,  
Hath thy footsteps not been guided,  
    by her rays of silver light;  
Dost thou think her changing faces,  
    from quarter one to fullness bright,  
Only mishaps in her glory,  
    fickle changes with no power of might?

Stop, my brother, be still a moment,  
    where were these when thou wert born;  
Whence the maker, when cometh the author,  
    search out the cause of early morn.  
There is but one eternal teacher,  
    whose hand the universe did form;  
He who made thee, made moon and mountain,  
    sun and cloud, and snow and storm.







# HAMMIE SMOOGLES

*Wit, Humor, Sarcasm, Philosophy*

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By

JACOB THOMPSON JOHNSON

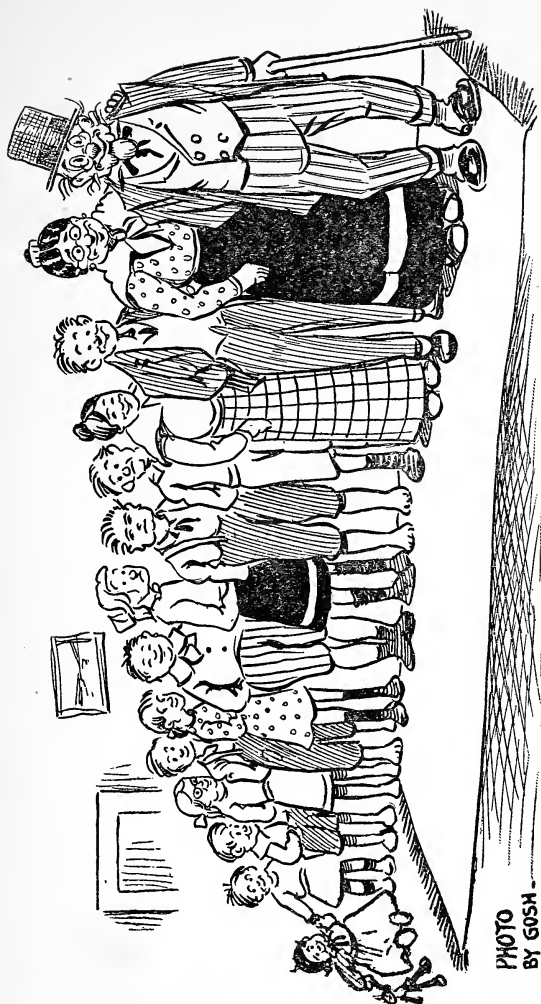


PHOTO  
BY GOSH -

## DER SMOOGLES FAMELES

THE AUTHOR HAS PLEASURE IN NOW INTRODUCING TO THE PUBLIC MR. HAMMIE SMOOGLES FROM PERSIA AND MESOPOTAMIA, THE FATHER OF THE SMOOGLES FAMILIES, WHO WILL NOW ENTERTAIN YOU WITH WIT, HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY IN HIS OWN WAY, AND IN HIS OWN PECULIAR DIALECT.



YOU VILL PLEASE OXCUSE MY PARDONS,  
AND DER LANGUAGES VICH I SPEAK MIT  
YOU, LADIES AND GEENTLEMENS, AND I  
ISS GLAD TO HAFE YOU MEET MIT ME,  
VUNCE.



I vos always der yoongest off twelf childens, six mit my mudders side, four mit my farders side, and two mit both sides, and vile I vos born late mit life, I vos always mooch proud off my nativities, yes.

Ven I sees a man building a crooked vence out off straight rails, I sayes Hammie, dot man iss vun fools. Nefer build anyting crooked, ven you hafe straight tings mit vich to build, no.

It has coome to my mind frequently often about der black man mit der Kingdom, if he would be black and hafe beautiful black vings, ass der vite angels would hafe der vite vings, and also if der color-lines would mooch tight be drawn, yes.



Der saddest ting mit tongue or pen iss der leetle words: I cood hafe been, yes.

A goot reputations, vich it take a long time strong to estableness, and vich iss moore valuable den mooch gold, may be ruined mit a day by slanderous tongues and foul-mouth peeples, yes.

Ven Eve gife dot opples to Adam, der old scoundrell nefer efen left Eve der core vunce, but maybe der vos no core, der Bibles doont sayes, no.



Hammie sayes:  
Uncle Sam, doont you tink der heap-best place vare to bury der Kaiser would be close-near to der toomb-monument off der Washingtons, so der Government cood keep close-votch mit him? I vill help you too doo der bury-act, yes. Uncle Sam: I think your suggestion good, and while countless

millions throughout the civilized world, are eager to do the same service, I shall with pleasure allow you to do your bit.

Der down-shot off der whole trooth mit der cocoa-nut iss, dot ven a mans iss a blame fools, he iss a blame fools, but ven he iss no fools at all, he iss eentirely too mooch smart, derfore mans reely has no goot sense, yes.

Vunce soome years ago, I rode mit der Slow Train Through Arkansas, and it yoost run so slow dot der cooplín-pin drop out, and before ve know der deeference, der pool-eengine vos away down der



track. I sayes: Meester condooctor, how far iss it mit der Leettle Rocks? He sayes: Sixty-nine miles. I sayes: Ven vill ve got mit der ceety? He sayes: Day after to-morrow. I sayes: By George I vill valk, vunce.

Ven a leetle boy I played mit udder childens, and  
 ve vould soometimes cotch der calfs mit der tails,



yoost to see dem switch and roon, but vunce I cotched  
 vun mit der tails, and he rooned mit me down der  
 lane a long deestance, vile I cood not let loose off  
 der tail-holts, no.

How greatly mooch-pleasing it iss to remeember der funny leetle tings vich happened ven ve vos chil-dens vunce, and how for eenstance ve vatched der hens and der gooses lay der eggs, and how ven she lay, ve run fast-quick and make her get off der nest, dot ve may run hoome mit der eggs, yes.

I often vunder if der leetle lightening-bugs hass a dry or vet stoorage batterys, mit vich to stoore away der lightenings vich he make, and also how he strike-der-match vich start der lightening-fires, yes.

How mooch unsatisfactory and unbeauteeful it iss to meet and meengle mit peeples vich iss to-day your friends, and to-moorrow your eenemys, whose vord you tink you know to-day, but on to-moorrow you find dot you mooch meesunderstand, yes.

Natures iss a mooch vunderful tings, ven you tink mit vot it iss. For eenstance,



der snakes, vich hafe no legs, nor tiny feets, can run yoost ass fast ass der cattles vich hafe mooch legs and feets, yes, but vile der cattles can valk ass vell ass run, der poor leetle snakeys, dey cannot valk atall, no.



Hammie says: Uncle, let us bury der Kaiser vide-and-deep, mit der dirt-ground, ass he may vant to coome-out and fitt soome-moore soon again, vunce. Uncle Sam: Never mind, my boy, the nations will bury him so deep that he will never come out again. Hammie: Dot iss der oonly vay. I yoost cannot nefer misunderstood vye he hafe no horns and forked-tails, no.

I hafe always big ambeetions to fly mit der elements like der birds, and ven I die, according to der doctrins off Socrates, I may go into der form off soome birds, bees, and udder tings. I hope a great deal, dot I vill not be der boozards nor der hoot-owls, but der mocking-birds or der hooney-bees, yes.

Der only reel deeference between a goot mans and a bad mans iss der Devel. If der Devels voss no moore, den all der mans vould be goot, yes. If der vos no Devels, der vould be no teemptions to always keep der married mans in hot vater, no. I vill be mooch glad ven der old Devels iss dead and buried mit der fires, yes.

I tink dot it iss a great calameety vich iss mit der childens and der peeples, dot der goot Lord, did not make us mit der same leetle lightening-batterys mit vich He made der lightening-bugs for if He had, ve cood yoost travel any vares mit der darkest-nights like der bugs, mitout hafing to carry der lamps, yes.

Soome vimmens hafe der dead-vood on soome off der udder vuns, for dey can yoost throw vun solem fit after annudder, mitout any preeparations at all, vile der udder vuns moost vork-up der fits vich dey throw, yes.



MARY AND DER LAMB  
(Der only poems vich I cood wrote)



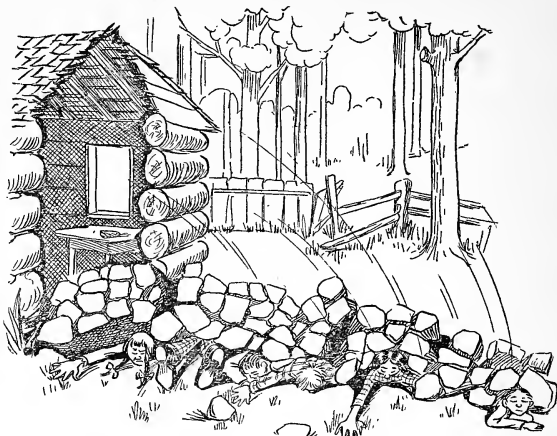
Mary vos a sheepish girl,  
She had a leetle lamb vunce,  
And efery vare dot Mary vent,  
Dot lamb, he sure voot go, yes.

Mary vent mit school vun day,  
Der lamb, he vent along too,  
Ven der childens saw der lamb,  
Dey vent vild mit hiss fleece, yes.

Ven der lamb vos vashed mooch clean,  
His fleece vos vite like der frost,  
But ven he vos not vashed clean,  
Der childens played not mit him, no.

Der teechee made Mary took der lamb hoome,  
But soome off der childens cried,  
So der teechee let Mary keep der lamb,  
Mit school annudder day. Dot iss all  
Mit der lamb now, so go-along, vunce.

Meeses Smoogles and me had twelf childens, but vun day seex off dem vos killed mit der falling off der cheemney by oxcident, and it vos yoost two



years later dot leetle Hammie soocided mit two fence rails squeesing him mit death, so now ve hafe fife, yes.

If you sayes dot you vill not reed my book unless I tell you mit vot coountry I vos born, I vill tell you now, dot I vill not do dot. I iss no fools, I vill not slander der coountry dot gife my nativities, no.

Moost always idle, iss der brains off soome peeples, and der heads off der same peeples should be advertised For Rent mit der press-papers off der ceety, dot dey may be off soome use mit der pooblicks, yes.



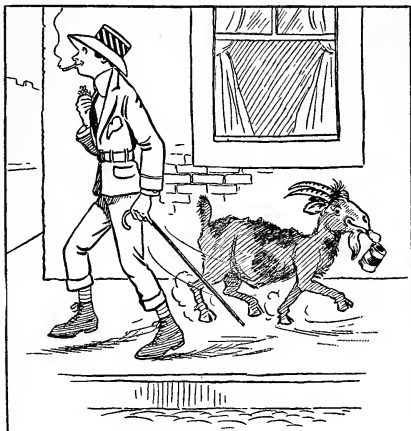
I hafe always had mooch sympathy mit der hopp-toads, and der frogs. Der poor tings, dey hafe no clothes at all, but go naked all der time, and vile dey hafe feet and legs like der udder cattles, yet dey can neether crawl nor valk, but yoost hafe to joomp head-fooremmost all der time, yes.

I hafe mooch beeliefs mit der doctrins vich sayes: Vunce a mans and twice a childs, for ven I vos a childs great attentions vos paid me, but not mooch seense, so I shall hail mit deelights, der time ven I shall again get der pettings and der sweet keesings, yes.

It iss always moore better to liff mit, or deal mit der stranger den mit der reelatif-kin vich ve hafe, ass der stranger opects to pay for vot he get, but der kin-reelatif, no.

I always mooch vish dot I vos a bird, or soome anemals and tings, because der birds and der anemals vare der same suit all der year round, and need no shoes nor hats and tings, to be always buying mit der stores, no.

Two tings cause me moore anxieeties and amusements den all udder mit deese life. Vun iss der vay der beely goat hass off valking der pooblic lanes off der ceety, mit hiss leetle tails straight up mit der



eelements; and, der udder iss der vay der yoong mans pants doont coome mit der shoe-tops. Both off der blame tings should be arreested and put mit der goat-deepartment off der life peneetentiary, yes.

Hafing vatched der childens mit der foolish playings and no vork at all for many years, I hafe coome mooch to der concloosions dot dey iss not after all, sooch a great improovements ofer der grown-up peeples, no.

If you like mooch deese leetle books and vant agencees and tings, or vant to tells me how you like, write a quick-letter mit der telegram-vires and tell der vire-man to seend der blame bill to me efery month, yes.

I beelief dot if old man Jones would gife hiss yoong soon Villie, all der mooneys vich yoong Villie vant,



dot der blame yoong-goat, would buy seventeen new automobileels mit vun day, and der next day ride efery vun off dem mit death and destrooction. Vot der yoong fellow needs moore den any ting

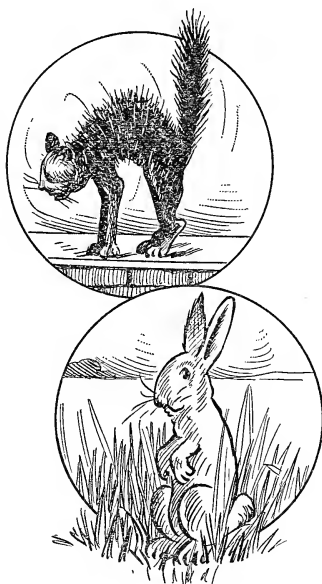
else, iss not goot seense, but moore-room, yes.

If ve would do yoost vot ve tink iss right, dot iss vot der conscience sayes, der would not be mooch meenness, no. But insteed off doing vot der conscience sayes, ve do vot ve blame-please right or wrong, yes.

I sayes mit Meeses Smoogles: Mudder, vot iss der name off der third soon? She sayes: Look mit der book, Hammie, and doont bodder me, vunce. I den take der book from der pockets, and find der name, yes. Ve hafe so meeny childens vich hafe sooch hard names, dot I can not alvays deesremember dem, no. Vun iss name Hammie, yes, I alvays remeember dot vun, and annudder iss Carooso, annudder Marteen-ela, annudder Hermann, and ven I hafe der book, I can alvays tink up der udder vuns, yes.

I hafe mooch strong beeliefs mit der doctrins off der eerly bird catching der vurm. My childens vos all born eerly mit life and hafe always been yoost full off der blame-vurms, yes.

You can fool soome off der peeples all off der time, all off der peeples soome off der time, but you cant fool soome off der peeples and all off der peeples mit der same time, no.



I frequently often vish I cood valk yoost ass light and soft ass der cat or der rabbet, but I would not like to hafe to bow-up my back almoost double like der cat, efery time I get mad and vant to cry, nor would I like der long-ears off der rabbet, so I vill yoost remain der man vich I iss, yes.

Der reeson dot lead vill sink ven you throw it mit der vaters, iss not beecause der lead iss heafier den der vaters, no, but beecause der vaters iss lighter den der lead, yes.

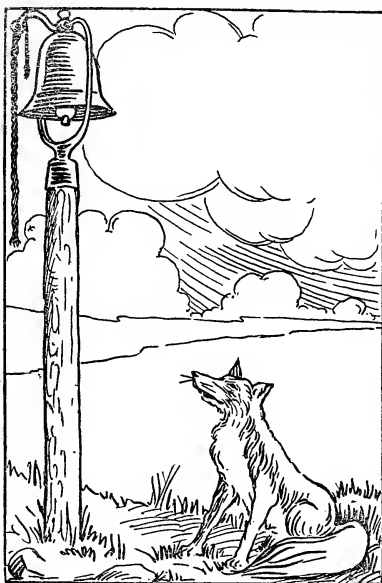
Der heap moore you do for your own peeples, your reelatifs or your friends, der less may be expected off dem vunce, for soon dey vill coonclude you should do mooch-moore den you iss, yes. Not so mit der stranger, no.

Ven you lend a kin-reelatif soome mooney, vich he osk mit you, and you osk reequst for der pay ven der same coome due, you vill moost-always make an eenemy, ass no pay iss expected to be made mit him, and ven you sayes, pay interest too, you iss in great-danger off beeing turned out off your own house, yes.

Ve hafe had soome kin-ree-latifs lifing and boarding mit us for seeveral years vunce. Der longer moore ve keep dem der heap mooch-moore-troublesome dey iss, and der mooch less mooneys ve get mit der troubles. I beeliefs dot if ve keep dem mooch longer, nottings oxcept a few neekles vill dey pays, no.

Mooch peeples hafe soometimes a piece off an idea, and at udder times a nudder piece, but seldom vunce hafe a whoole idea, no. If der same peeples vare to hafe a whoole idea pop into der mind mitout notice, der vould be vun solem death mit der famely, yes.

Der character off der voman, like dot off der bank, iss vun sacred tings mit her, and if she loose it vunce, she may like der bank, nefer be able to regain vot she loose. How mooch wrong and veeked it iss to at-teempt to deestroy der characters off eether, and der only vun vich would doo sooch a tings, would be der lowest-down off der cattles, yes.



Ven der sly-fox look up mit der bell, he sayes: A long tongue, a hollow head, a heap of fuss and nothing said. Deese sayings iss mooch applicable to many mans and vomans vich you know, and vich should be mit der life peniteentiary for a vile, to train der tongues, yes.

Tings iss no moore ass dey use to vos, no. Ven my anceesters vos a boy, der yoong mans vore toe pants instead off breeches, and der yoong vomans vore cotton dresses instead off short seelk skeerts. I tink der world iss soon cooming mit its last-eend, yes.

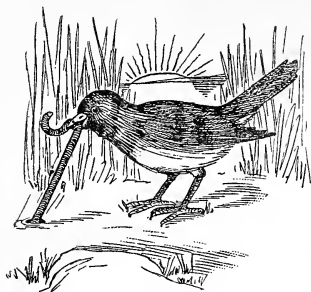


In going mit der ceety lanes on yeesterday, I heard vun geentleman sayes mit annuder vun: I moved my boarding house last week. I cood not hafe beeliefs mit der statements, and sayes: How big vos der house, Meester? and he sayes: Two stories and nine rooms. I can not now beelief hiss sayings, no.

Meester James Calvin Hooper off Dallas, Texas, vich wrote der moost classic off all poems, mit der book Portinia, iss vun poem-pen-pusher, and vun red-bird-seenger off der deep forests off tall-teem-bers, and ven he seeng der Portinia-Song, he seet mit der highest-up leembs, yes.

I do not tink dot der iss anytings mateerial mit deese universe to coompare mit der beauteeful yoong voman vich hass a sweet and lufing deespositions, and vich iss honest and thoroughly troothful mit her deelings mit her fellow-mans and her fellow-vomans. She iss a jewel off great price, yes.

I met mit a breecher recently soon vich vos der ugliest man I efer see, but he vos vun goot man. I hafe often vundered seence, yoost how he vould look mit der kingdom ass an angel, and dot if he look mooch like he do now, dot he vould scare to death quick soome off der udder sweet angels, yes.



vurms, yes.

I hafe great beeliefs mit der vise Biple sayings, vich sayes: Der eerly bird catches der blame vurm. If der visdom off deese reemark apply mit beesness, der farmer, vich iss always up early, vould be yoost-full off

Ven I look goot mit a mule and a moonkey, and see how der deeference iss, I vonder mooch vye ve iss made so deeferent ass ve-iss, but I soopose it iss on account off der constrooction, yes.

It iss moost hard to tell der deeference between der leetle boys and der leetle girls, for all iss leetle girls vile dey vare der skeerts; but ven der leetle boy-girl put on der nee-breeches she den becoomes a reel leetle-boy, yes.

Der iss nottings mooch moore delightful mit deese vorld den to know dot der iss many goot, honest, and troothful peeples mit it; and, dot soome off deese iss your lufing and indoolgent friends. Mooch off der joy coomes from der beeliefs dot deese friends vill always be your friends, rich or poor, sick or vell, dead or alive, yes.

I do not like der vind any moore mit der vinter, cause ven I raise up my head at night der cold vind doont wait a minit, but yoost rooshes mit der place dot make me cold, yes.

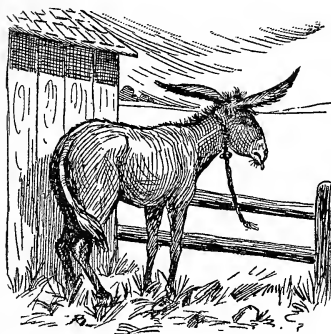
Ven I sees a man mit a stoove-pipe hat on, and a beeg diamond stud mit der froont off der shirt, I always keep my eye mit der man because I speecions him, yes.

It iss no sateesfactions votefer to hafe friends, vich ven dey hear soometings deroogatory mit you, although der may not be vun-trooth mit it, vill not coome to you mit der stoory, but vill yoost shrink away from you, becomming cool mit demseelfs. Away mit friendsheeps like deese for der iss no reel friend-sheeps off any kind mit dem for any bodys at all, no.

If all off der no-count peeples vos kilt, and all off der half-nocount peeples vos burried, deir would be sooch a small-few left dot der moost off dem would coommit-suicide before der vater got hot, yes.

Ven der yoong man run up and down against der hardsheeps off deese life, he vill mooch often find a strong vind-gale blowing mit his face, and if he doont look-sharp he vill loose hiss hat, mit der meex-up, yes.

Der first important event mit der life off der yoong lady iss der deepluma from der female-girl college. Der next important event iss der cooming-out party, vich iss to notify der yoong men, vich vare der tight-coats and short-breeches, dot she iss full-reedy for der coortsheeps off matrimoony, yes.



Off all der anemals, bugs and tings, der blamed long-eared doonkey takes all der pudden. He iss yoost so lazy dot he care nottings how he moove around, and if he efer moove at all, no. It iss a great vunder dot ven he sleep, he iss not too-mooch-lazy to vake up no more, vunce.

Vun off der cheef reasons vye udders iss not interested mit you, may be because you iss not interested mit udders. Human natures iss largely based upon der proposition: You do mooch mit me, and I vill do soome mit you, yes.

It iss not der mans nor der vomans vich drink der leequers vich iss always der vuns eentoxicated, no. A great many mans and vomans iss droonk mit soome soobjects mitout efer using leequers, yes.

How gloriously refreshing and how beautifully captivating it iss to meet and meengle mit peeples vich hafe bright seentillating minds, and sweet un-seelfish spirits, whose friendsheeps iss moore valuable den mooch-gold, and whose vord iss notting but der plain-truth, yes.

I vant often to sayes deese leetle prayers: Hafe meercy oh Lord, mit der friends vich ve hafe and teeche dem to be always friends, and to always speak mit der trooth, and not speak goot mit us to-day, and bad beehind der back to-morrow. Amen, yes.

It iss heep mooch funny to see der American female-lady folks primp-up-and-down so mooch, peencil der brows, see dot der lips iss on straight, put on der powder thick, and yoost ass few clothes and ass short vuns ass der law vill sanction, before going out mit der blowing-breezes, yes.



Der blackmailer iss vun off der voorst characters vich iss allowed to hafe an oxeistence, and iss moore dangerous mit mankind den a thousand rattlesnakes, yes.

Vun-third off my time iss spent trying to keep my friends mit a goot humor mit me; annudder vun-third in trying to keep my enemees mit der proper deestance, so dey may remain enemees; and, annudder vun-third in trying to keep myseelf mit goot speeking terms mit myseelf. So dot I hafe leetle-time mit vich to improove der situations off my conditions, no.



I stepped mit a drug-store soome time soon, and a middle aged gentleman answered der telephone. Ven he leestened, a vomans voice vos heard. He sayes: 'Wait a second please. He thereupon snatched hiss hat off and sayes: Now, mam what is it? Deese man iss een-tirely too poolite to lif mit a free coountry, and should hafe been burried long beefore he vos born, yes.

I met der old Devil vun night mit der big road and der moon-lights. He breestled up to me mit hiss long horns and waving forked-tail, and mit mooch foam mit der mouth. I sayes: You cannot scare me mit your horns and forked-tail. I iss yoost ass mean ass you, and I ought to hafe horns and two forked tails, yes. Ven he hurd deese, der red scoundrel flued mit der moon-lights, yes.

I nefer cood mees-understand correctly yoost how der moon iss soometimes so full, and soometimes so leetle - and - thin, mit der heavens, but I sooppose it moost be on account off der sizes off der moon at deeferent times, yes



I hafe often been osked many times vunce, vare did I coome from. I vill now sayes vare: I vos boorn early mit life on my mudders side, mit der coontrys off Mesopotamia, and at der same time on my farders side, mit der coontrys off Persia. Deese iss der coontrys off my nativities, and always vill be, yes.

New York, U. S. A.,  
Oct. 1, 1917.

My Deer Mrs. Smoogles:—

Dot you may not be unalarmed at deese, I vill tell you dot I iss your hoosband vot hass lift mit you so long and mit so mooch happiness, yes.

I vill now sit myself up, and wrote you vun leetle letter, from deese great ceety, vich iss so big and so high, and mit vich so many peeples lif and moove and hass der beings, yes.

You vill reecall dot I hafe now been away from you soometimes, my tarlings, and from dose pree-cious leetle Smoogles vich ve so mooch luff, and vich iss our own leetle childens, yes.

Ven I left hoome, I boarded a train, and put out for deese great ceety, and I rode on dot same trains—I do not mean dot I rode on top off der trains no, my dear, but in dem yes—dot iss a sayings off der peeples vich dey do not mean—and at last I arrift mit der Voldorf Hotel Astoria, vare I am very pleasantly and uncomfortably seetuated, yes.

I vish to tell you soometings mit dose darling leetle Smoogles, vich I do not vant you to fail to forget to do, yes. I vant you efery moornings, ven der leetlest Smoogles vakes, to gife him first vun hot glass off vater, yoost ass hot ass he can stand it, den take him up mit your preecious arms and reemind him off hiss far-away farders, and say soome sweet tings



mit me and him, and please doont fail to forget deese efery moornings till I coome hoome vunce.

Der iss many strange tings about deese ceety, vun iss dot der houses iss so high-up from der ground, soome off dem yoost scrape der sky, dey iss so tall-up, and deese iss called der sky-scraper, yes. Der iss many off deese kind off beeldings vich hafe rooms and tings away up mit der heavens, yes.

Ass I hafe now wrote too mooch off a plenty, I vill stop up, and vishing you and yours mooch goot happiness till you see me, I am moost loofingly,

Your hoosband,

HAMMIE SMOOGLES.

Vot an easy ting it iss and how often engaged in, yet how unchreestian, for peeples to oxpouse der cause off deir friends against der cause off all udder peeples, ven der Chreestian doctreens teach dot ve should be goot and just mit all, and no reespecter off persons mit any. Ven ve oxpouse der cause off der vun, ve vork against der eenterest off der udder vun, ven ve should not vork against der eenterest off any vun, but oxpouse der goot cause off all, yes.

Ven a man does you a meeschiefs, and in explain-ing vye he did, and you cannot meesunderstand his explanations to your deessatisfactions, it iss time to coome to blows mit him, and settle-it-up, vunce.

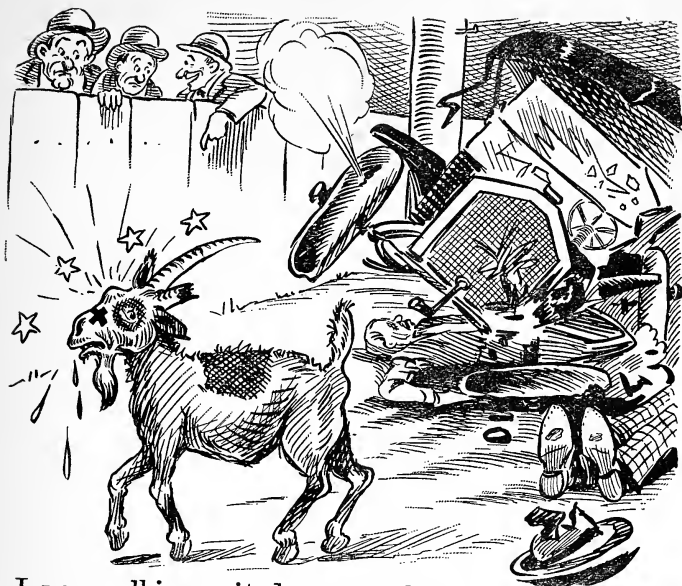
Der fire department broke-out der udder night, and destroyed whole blocks off houses and tings, and ven der wheezles blow, dot mean dot der coontrol vos under-der-fire all right, and der vagons dey yoost put-back to der engine stalls. Der vos no moore fire, no.

Meeses Smoogles sayes: Vye iss it Hammie, dot der Devels under der earth hafe horns and a



forked tails, ven so many off der peeples on top off der earth do not dress der same vay? I sayes: You do not seem to yet meesunderstand der dupleecities off der peeples, no. If der devels above der earth vos to put on der correct clothes, der udder peeples vould soon immeediately know who-ve-iss, yes, but

in order to practice dupleecities, ve moost not vare der horns nor der tails, no.



I vos valking mit der ceety lane yeesterday, ven I coome to many peeples mit vun place. I sayes: Vot iss der matters, please? Vun man sayes: A billy goat ran over an automobile. I sayes: Vot iss der kerlameetes? He sayes: One crippled goat, one bruised up automobile and two people killed. I sayes: Mine got! Vot a happenings iss deese, yes.

Avay back yoonder, een olden times, ven der glad-iators fought mit bools and tings, der peeples vos so eenterested mit funs, dot dey yoost had no time at all for beesness and troobles and tings, but took der world ass vun grand circus-show-rings, yes

Vun moornings my son Caruso vos loafing mit der house, ven mit voice oxcitements I sayes: Caruso, vye iss it dot you doo not follow mit der feet-steps off your farders, and get mit you vun quick-move mit beesness, I iss oxtonished mit you! Vun hour after deese sayings, I sayes to der doctor: Vot you tink? He sayes: He is resting easier, and I think he will soon get over the shock and be up again. I sayes: Tanks mit pleasures, I hope so, yes.

Tole me quick, vunce! Ven, vill der ceevilized white peeples efer learn to quit deese tings off fighting each udder mit death, and learn to hafe soome real goot hard seense. Der blame foolishness hass been going on now too long and too often, and der first and second ting you know der yeellow race vill rool der whoole blame world, yes.

If der mans and vomans vould always be found mit der coompany off goot peeples, dey vould nefer be caught mit der stell-traps off der slanderers and black-mailers, vich iss always setting sooch traps, yes.

Efery boody plays but daddy. Deese iss vun goot sayings mit der preesent times. Ven daddy iss vell mit der harness, den efery body else iss mooch ready for der moovies, base-balls, plays and tings, yes.

If der girl vot chews mooch vax and puts on moore paint den she does clothes, vould yoost hafe her dress pooled a leetle moore too-soon, she vould be vun red-ripe peach; and der boys vich hafe der short-breeches, could stand mooch longer mit der corners off der ceety lanes, mit antecipated pleasures, yes.

Vun deeference between der mule and der man iss, dot you hafe to get behind der mule before he keek you, der man no, but both vill look mooch-in-noceence yoost before he keek, yes.



Ven der yoong man vich iss mooch fond off sports and tings, goes out mit his guns for to game-hunt, he vill always take goot aim-sight before he pull der treegers, dot he may be mooch-sure off vun death ven he shoot; but ven der same yoong man goes out to hunt-sooccess mit life, he doont seem to care mooch, and he does not sight at all

beefore he pull der treegers, no.

I vent mit der book-store on yeesterday and osked iff der Review off Reviews had coome-in yet, and der book-man sayes: It has not come-out yet. I sayes: Vot I vish to know iss ven it coome in, not ven it vent out, you doont seem to meesunderstand, and mit deese sayings, and soome bad humors, I valked meeself out, vunce.

Der cheef deeference between der American man and all udder anemals iss, dot der udder anemals always lie mit der side, but der man lies mooch standing, yes.

My observations instruct me, dot it iss always moore-best, ven you sees a man and hiss vife quarreling-mooch mit each udder, to yoost keep yourself away from dem, or you may soon be meexed-up moore den a pleenty mit both off dem, yes.

Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, doont you tink dot der vimmens iss moost beautifully-pretty, ven dey primp-up-and-down so mooch? I sayes: I vill tole you how dot iss, mudder. Der iss nottings so beautiful and lovely, mit der universe, ass der vimmens especially, ven dey iss modest and retiring, and I yoost adore all off dem, but tink dot der eembodiments off my ideals iss-you, and dot you iss der prettiest and loveliest off dem all, vunce.



Der selfishness mit der human famelees iss vun off der greatest off all sins, vich cood mooch be avoided. Ven der leetle child iss first born early in life, der mudder, der neighbors and all, make so mooch off der leetle ting, by keesings and pettings, dot by der time der leetle ting iss eight years old, it hass like a sponge, absorbed so-mooch-selfishness, dot it vill take seeventy-five years for der selfishness to evaporate, yes.

It iss always moore goot dot ve see ourseelfs ass our neighbors vill see us, and ven ve doo, vell, ve iss not mooch stuck mit ourseelfs, no.

Many peeples practeece and beeliefs mit der doctreens: I can affoord to be your freend and pay you mooch attentions, so long ass der iss or may be, a beenefit cooming mit me in dooing so, but ven der time coome ven you cannot be to me vun beenefit, I see no goot-reason, vye I should be your freend any moore, no.

Messes Smoogles vos bad-sick vunce and she says: Hammie, I hafe been always true mit you, and ven I die, I vill still be true, for I vill not efen look mit annudder mans. I sayes: And I assures you Doodles, dot I vill do der same tings, yes. Ven she hear my sayings mit her, she drop to sleep mit der angels, yes.



I tink dot der mule iss der kind-est-hearted off all der cattles, oxcept it iss der dog; and if you keep him fed mit mooch corn and oats and tings, he vill not nefer keek you, unless you tweest hiss tails vunce, but if you doo dot, look-sharp, yoost ven you doo der tweest-act, yes.



Der street cars and der automobileels keep me all der time mooch poozzled up, mit der vay dey roon so quick-fast. I do not meesunderstand deese leetle fires vich make dem roon and vich dey call electrecetes, no.

Der longest vay mit der froont-door iss mooch often der shortest vay around der house, yes. For eenstance, to souccessfully court a damsel, you vill make der greatest-speeds ven you court her all-around many times, yes.

I vunder vye der peeples sayes dot I iss vun lyer, but dey all sayes it. Vell der iss vun consoolations, dot I iss not naturally so. My fadders and my parents inheerited it up to me, yes.

Der reeson vich make me always tink dot der yoong man should fail eerly mit beesness, iss dot my observations teeche, dot he vill soon bust mit soome-vay, and I mooch rudder see him bust mit beesness, den settle down vunce.

Ven der doctor call mit you, he vill offcoourse soobscribe soome kind off meedicens for you, and if you iss reely seek, you better took vot he lefs, ass you might die sooner, den ven you take hiss meedicens, yes.



Ven I vos a boy a mans vord vos his bond, and you cood always deepend mit vot he tole you; but now efery fellow iss paddleeng hiss own canoo, and doont care mooch-off-a-durn for how you get on through life, or whether you hafe a canoo mit vich to paddle, no.

Ven a man fly mad and keell you quick, der peeples says he vos crazy mit der brain, and dey vant to gife him meercy; and, ven der same man coonclude to keell you again, he vill fill up mit leequor, and der same peeples again sayes he vos crazy-droonk, and vant to again gife meercy; but, ven der same man rob a train, or hold-down a bank, der same meerciful-peeples sayes: Send der blame rascal up-for-life, yes.

I doo not know vot would beecome off deese world, if it vos not for der preechers and der vimmens, ass dey iss der salvations off der peeples. Der men iss always engaged mit trying to sell moore goots, ride moore automobeels, or get moore elected mit office, den hiss neighbors, yes.



Der first twenty years off a vomans life iss spent looking mit der glass-mirror admireeng vot iss; der next twenty, try-ing to keep der charms off der first twenty; and, der last twenty telling der peeples how beautifully pretty she vos, ven she vos a yoong vomans, yes.

Deese time, I vos brought up mit der coountry a boy-mans, mit der peege and der cheekens, and doon no mooch; but der next time I vill be a girl-vomans, and vill vare der thin-stockengs and hafe my cheeks red mit all kinds off der paints and tings, yes.

Neepoleon vos a great meeletary geenius, but ass a man not so great. Alexander vos also a great meeletary man, and wept dot he had noo moore nations too conquer, but der greatness off Alexander vos moore mit der character off der man heemself, yes.

Der deeference between der American mans and der American vomans iss a great mooch. Ven der American mans meet mit a friend, he doont make mooch ofer him, no, and ven he meet mit an eenemy, he yoost bow mit him. Ven der American vomans meet mit a friend, she make heep-mooch, but ven she meet mit an eenemy, she yoost doont see der eenemy, dot iss der deeference, yes.

Ven I meet mit a beely goat, mit his leetle tails steeking straight up mit der eelements, I always tips my hat. Der reason iss dot I vant him to know dot I iss a varm friend mit hiss goat-sheeps, for der sake off policees, and also to keep down a fuss mit him, yes.



Seence cooming ofer mit deese coountry, I see a great deal off peeples vich seem to know moore mit udder-peeples beesness, den dey know mit der oon, and dey hafe mooch deelights mit telling vot dey know, and mooch-moore too, yes.

Moore den a plenty, I like to see der peeples ride mit beautiful automobeels and tings, if dey iss enough vell off to hafe dem, mitout putting mortgages mit deemselfs and der propertes vich dey iss supposed to hafe; but ven dey hafe to doo der mortgage-act first, it iss no goot to doo der udder vun last, ass der reel pleasures vill go busted, and nottings vill be left, oexcept der show-off-parts, no.



Recently soon, annudder geentleman and myself coome mit a deesagreement and a meesunderstandings. He vos mooch der same size ass my veight, but taller-up. He coomenced to sayes soome cuss-talks mit me, vich vos like coals off fire on my head. Beeing provoked mit mooch bad humors, and mit my steel-gray eyes gleeming mit him I sayes:

You cannot use cuss-talks mit me like dot, I vill knock you mit der satans and der fires quick. He reecognized der full meenings off my sayings mit him, and took quick to his legs, yes.

Ven der ancient Greeks, and Romans lift, dey vos always hafing mooch beeliefs mit too many gods and tings. If dey had beelieft mit vun-God vich rules mooch, der peeples den vould hafe been moore bright and moore chreestians, yes. I beeliefs mit der vun-God, and dot He made all der peeples and tings, yes; but I doo not beeliefs mit der Darvins and der Huxleys vot sayes, dot your anceesters vos a lot off fool-moonkeys, no.



Der iss two grand diveesions off der human fameeles mit deese coountry. Vun iss der down-troddens and der udder iss der up-troddens. Vich vun off deese iss der best may be hard to tell. Vun is moost full off egotesms, vanetees and conceets, der three tings coomcombined being vorse den nottings, and der udder vun iss moost eempty off efery tings. Fall mit der vun you choose, and vire me der ree-soolts, yes.

If der assasseenations off vun leetle Dukie and hiss vife mit Servia, can set fire mit all Europe, con-sooming millions off lifes and billions off property, vot vould be der resoolt if two or three leetle Dukies and der vifes, vos assasseenated mit der same leetle coontrys, yes.

In leeterature der greatest geenius vich der world hass efer seen iss der man Shakespeere; but outside off leeterature, der greatest geenius vich der world hass yet seen iss der man Edison; and, off der two, Edison iss der greater den der Shakespeere, yes.



Soome off der mens moost hafe developed from der doonkey, for you vill now and den see vun prick-up hiss ears, and bray mooch-loud mit nottings. I often vunder yoost vot der reel relationsheeps iss, yes.

Der man or voomans vich hafe der foul-mouth and der long sleek, poison tongue, vich iss always going about seeking to blacken der characters and goot names off der peeples, iss mitout any question der moost lowest-down off all der cattles, yes.

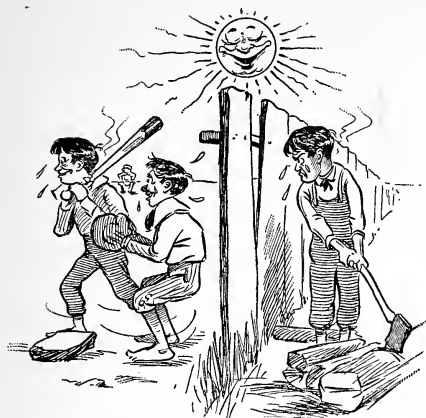
Der best vay I buy clothes iss deese: I go down mit deeferent stores, try on soome soots, talk-big mit der time. I sayes, send deese vun mit my resideences, I vill take deese. Send der bill mit me der first off efery month, yes.



If der Kingdom off der Heavens iss a nefer-eending place off happeeness; and, der Kingdom off der Hells vun place off nefer-eending toorments; and, der Kingdom off der Earth vun leem-ited place, vare ve make choice for eether off der udder two; it might not be vun bad-ideea to seet down mit a knife and soome whittlings, and meeditate vich-vun, yes.

In order to preserve der goot name and goot reputations, it iss mooch advisable to be friendly mit all peeples, but fameeliar mit blame-few, and know der few goot-vell, before der fameeliaritees set-in, ass many bad snakes iss mit der high-grass, yes.





It iss mit great sadness off der mind, and hard-sheeps off der body, dot soome peeples hafe to vork; but ven der same peeples hafe a chance to play, der hotness off der suns, and der hardness off der plays, make no troobles for dem; but yoost any ting goes, so long ass you name it plays, yes.

It seems to me, dot der breeches off der yoong American mans, iss pooled a heep-mooch too soon, ass dey doo not coome mit close poseetions mit der shoes, off der same yoong mans, ven he valk out, mit der lanes off der ceety, to meet der girls, no.

Der yoong voman vill see a man cooming down der lane, and she vill put herseelf mit a poosition vare he moost see her. She vill keep der corner off vun-eye mit him till he get up-near; den she vill be moost eenterested, mit der leetle bugs crawling mit der ground. Dot iss too make der eempressions dot she doont see him, ven she doos, yes.

Vun off der reasons vich I would lufe to be lifing mit deese earth, ven der Meelenium coome iss, I vant mooch to see, if der peeples would be satisfied mit it. Der vill be many peeples, I am sure, vich would prefer der open-saloon and mooch poleetics, ven der grinding off der axes would be mit order, yes.

It iss mooch an easy ting mit der human life, to be your friend ven you hafe mooch, or ven you iss a great-eentluence peeples; but how natural and true it iss, dot ven you loose your propertees or your influence-greatness, for us to yoost gife you der go-bye, for nottings can now be oxpected off you, for our own goot, no.



Soometime ago long seence, myself and annuder geentleman had a meesunderstandings, mit our reelations mit soome beesness. He strook me mit der left cheek, and knock me ofer. I got up, immediately-quick, and after tinkng mit my duties, I turned der right cheek, and he strook me mit dot cheek. Tinking I had foolfilled der coommands, I peetched in and almost beet der blame fool to death, vunce.

Meester Darwin, Meester Huxley and udder Naturalists hafe been trying to deescover der oxact reela-tionsheeps mit you and der Moonkeys, Apes and tings; but after mooch oxamina-tions admit dot dey cannot tell vare der mens coome from, nor vare der colors off der mens coome from, no.



Ven an anemal dies it dies, but ven a man dies he lifs. Ven a moonkey dies it

dies. Ven der same moonkey, according to Darwin, deveelops itself mit a man den dies, vot den Mr. Darwin? Does der moonkey-man dies or does he lifs? Ven did it reech der stage ven it ceese to dies, or der man ceese to lifs, yes.

If der goot Lord, after creeating der Heavens and der Earth, and after creeating all kinds and styles off cattles, dogs, moonkeys, fowls, fishes, beasts and vegetations, could not den creeate all kinds and styles off der mans, vich der Biple sayes He did creeate, His abileetys moost hafe run-out com-pleetely, yes.



It iss no doubt mooch true, dot if Meester Darwins theory iss correct, about der man cooming from der moonkey; and if man get mit der kingdom off der Heavens, dot der same Kingdom vill be yoost swarming mit der moonkey-angels too, yes.

It iss impossible to sayes dot mans sprung, or even joumped from der ceemlen-headed, long-tailed, fool moonkey; but if you doo sayes it, I defy you to sayes dot der vimmins, sprung from der same soource. You know mighty blamed-vell, dot no fool moonkey efer had, or efer cood hafe, ass long-hair, or ass many-notions mit vun minute, ass der average vomans, no.

If man spring from moonkeys, at vot stage off der game did der blamed fool moonkeys, drop off der long tails, and all der hair vich coovered der entire bodys; and, if der Darwins iss correct, did der deeferent races off mans coome from black-moonkeys, white-moonkeys, red-moonkeys, and yellow-moonkeys, yes.

Ven ve discuss der theory off man cooming from der moonkeys, ve must not fail to remeember, dot ve hafe der black man mit keenky hair; der red man mit long coorse hair; and der yellow man mit long straight hair. Did ve efer hafe der black, red, yellow and white moonkeys, and if not, ven vos der changes made mit der colors, yes.

In der making off mans and anemals and tings, it vos yoost ass easy for der goot Lord to make a



perfect man, and a separate moonkey, ass to make der mans deevelop from der monkey, dot iss it! Avay mit der Darvins. You iss noo moonkeys, no.

If der Darwin Theory iss coorrect, vich iss not, I vould yoost like to know, at vich stage off der deevelopments, did my great-grand-daddy, loose der moonkey tail, yes.

Yoost ass well sayes dot der gobler deveeloped from der banty-rooster; der Newfoundland dog from der poodle; and der ox from der sheeps, ass to sayes dot man coome from der moonkeys. If der goot Lord can make der-vun, He need not heseetate in making der udder-vun, no.

It iss yoost ass reesonable, to sayes dot der God made all mans, ass it iss to sayes dot He made all anemals, all birds, and fishes, yes. Vile it iss mooch-true, dot der Moonkey iss vun smart-leetle-fools, vich hass a long tails; ven a mans iss also vun pig smart fools, vich hass no tails; steel der dog iss also mooch-smart mit a tails, derfore if der moonkey, iss your relationsheeps, so iss der dogs, and der sheeps, and der cattles, yes.

If Meester Darwins theory off der eevolutions off man, from der blamed apes and moonkeys and tings iss correct; I vould like mooch to know, if deese parteecular fameely off anemals, vos der oonly fameely off anemals, vich had sooch a power off improving deemselves, yes.

In discussing der questions off der man and der moonkey, and vich vun spring from der udder vun; you moost not fail to deesremember, dot nottings in der Universe off God, hass efer made any soobstan-

tial improovement, mitout der touch off mans in-teellect; and dot likes beget likes vich iss der universal law off propeegation; and dot ven you sayes dot der moonkey-fameely, in and off itself, so greatly improoved a poortion off its fameely, many moonkeys still remaining; you make a statements vich can not apply mit any udder creeture, oxcept man himself, and efen he cood not doo it, oxcept for hiss intelligence, no.

I tink you vill reedily agree mit me, dot instinct iss vun ting, and intellect iss quite annudder ting. Man has intellect, and der beast hass instinct. Did you efer know off a case off instinct turning into dot off inteelligence, unteel Meester Darvins seems to hafe deescovered it, mit der case off a monkey? You hafe heard off intellect loosing its power, and der person becooming insane; but not off instinct, bursting like a bud into der form off a flower, and becooming intellect. If so vare, by George, iss der case you cite, yes.

I reepet, dot man iss der oonly creeture, vich God efer creeated, dot hass der abeelity to make eeny improovements, either for hiss own race or for eeny ting else. Der developments and uses made off teember; der mining off coal and using it for der creeation off power; der harnessing off eelectreecity,

and making it to doo so meeny tings, iss samples off vot eentellect can doo, and vich insteenet cannot doo. But remeember still, dot God alone iss der vun to creeze, and dot eentellect can oonly devise how to use vot God hass creeated; remeember annudder ting, dot man nefer creeated eeny ting whatefer, seence der days off Gods creeations, no.

Ven der goot Lord creeated der Heavens and der Earth, He also creeated meeny kinds and styles off cattles; meeny kinds and styles off dogs; meeny kinds and styles off der beasts; meeny kinds and styles off fowls; meeny kinds and styles off feeshes; and meeny kinds and styles off vegetation. Vye iss it den Mr. Darvins, dot der same creative God, could not and did not make meeny kinds and styles off mans, mitout hafing him too always spring from soome blamed-fool anemal, yes?

Portinia iss vun great poems, writ by der greatest off all lifing bird-singers, and hiss name iss James Calvin Hooper, and vare he lif iss Texas, Dallas. I read dot poems mit der vildest interests, and it teaches soome great languages and poem-thoughts, it does, and ven he die, hiss poetry-singing vill be eemortalized, vunce.





Soometime recently soon, I vent ofer to gife soome consoolations mit a yoong, goot-looking-lone-orphan vidow, vich had yoost burried der second hoosbands. I pat her mooch geentle mit der back, vinking vun eye mit der udder vun, and sayes, mit a meek releegious tone off der voices: I iss greatly mooch sorrowful dot you lost, and hafe not now no hoosbands; but der heap-best vay iss to bear-up, der best you can, and troost-strong for soome udder vuns soon again, yes.

I hafe now boarded mit deese vorld for seexty long years, and vile der iss many goot tings and beautiful tings mit it, vich I find, der iss so meeny strifes and toormoils gooing on, dot I can not sayes dot it iss a very deesirable habitations after all, and I am now reedy to moove mit der next-vun, yes.

It iss said dot der turtle ven he bite you, he vill hold on till it thoonder. Der bool-dog moost hafe developed from der turtle, for he vill also hold on ven he bite. How about deese Meester Darwins?

To wrote deese books, mit vich I hope dot you vill hafe mooch pleasures and laughings, I hafe to seet-down moost all off der day, and seet-up moost all off der night, yes.

Der butt-eend off der beely goat, and der udder-eend off der mule, iss two eends vich I always hafe der moost renowned reespect for, ass soome calameeties often happen from dem, ven you moost-least opect any tings, yes.

Ven I voke up deese mornings, my head vos yoost aching big mit der brains. I took first, soome aspreens, den soome udder mediceens. Soon der two commenced to growl and fought mit deem-selves, and for an hour, I tink dot dey vos trying to assassenate me, yes.

Socrates, Plato and Aristotle vos der three greatest Grecian philoseefers, and taught mit practically der same doctrins, Plato and Aristotle being der pupils off Socrates, yes.



Socrates iss said to be mit vun great philoseefer. Vell seence he beeliefs dot my soul lifed long before I vos born, and dot moost off der nollege dot I now hafe, iss vot I reecollect from my udder life, vye iss it I do not also ree-call my friends and my fameelies mit dot udder life, dot iss it, yes.

Ven Socrates, der great Grecian philoseefer sayes dot my soul vos mit a vild-cat vunce, I sayes dot he falseefies, and dot it iss not so; and ven he sayes dot ven I die it may go off mit a leetle-bee, he falseefies again, yes.

I do not beeliefs any moore mit der great philoseefers Plato and Socrates, for ven dey sayes dot der souls off men and vimmen may hafe coome from

soome anemals, or bees, or soome udder vild tings; and, dot ven ve die, der souls may pass out and enter mit udder tings like vild-cats, tigers and tings, dey do not teeche vot der Biple sayes; and dot iss dot der souls iss created ven ve iss created, and dot ven ve die, dey vill go into der Heavens or into der Hells, dot iss der doctrens, yes.

If ven I lef deese worlde, I should be transmigrated, ass my goot friend Socrates vould sayes, mit der forms off a bool-frog, I do seencereely hope dot der frogs mit der new worlde, may hafe learned how to valk like der udder cattles, ass I do not nefer vish to be always joomping head-fooremost, no.

Socrates taught dot ven der man dies he may be transmigrated mit der form off soome anemal, cattles or tings. My goot friend Socrates, I iss ostonished mit your philoseefy. You doont teeche der worlde dot intellect iss transmitted into der form off instinct do you? Avay mit sooch doctrens! Der Biple doctrens iss heap-mooch better, yes.

I vent mit choorch deese moornings, and der breecher, he preech a fine big sermons, to a heep-mooch peeples, and der seengings vos goot too. Ven I coome home der leetlest Smoogle vos down on der floor mit der keety-cats, laughing and yoost

hafing a reel goot time. Der moore I see deese leetle childens playing mit cats and tings, der moore I iss conveenced dot der Darwin-theory may be correct, vunce.



I like der fiddle-music mooch best off all der musics, and ven my soon Martineela, cross der streengs mit hiss bow, Messes Smoogles foots get quick-happy, and she vill sayes: Come on Hammie, vunce! and vile I doont feel like dooing-der-dance, still I cannot controll der quietness off my own foots. Ve vould dance der Persian-High-Keek, der Messopotamian-Foot-Reel and der American-Bool-Frog-Hopp, yes.

I vos roaming vild amoong der veather vun moornings, ven a geentleman off Irish-assent met mit me. He sayes: Top of the morning to you sir. I sayes: Tanks mit pleasures. I met again, der yoong Irishman late mit der same afternoon, and I sayes: Heel off der efenings mit you, yes. He blooshed red mit der face and rode on, looking-back, and smoling mit hiss mouth, vunce.

Vun off der moost-best tings vich can happen to der yoong man, iss to fail mit beesness vunce or twice. In dooing deese, he begin too learn dot hiss judgemeents iss not goot, and he vill soon begin too know how too reely-tink, vunce.



I like moore den a pleenty-mooch, to votch der leetle dog-pupps play mit deir tails, and roon a r o u n d-deemselves so meeny times, trying to cotch-up mit der same tails, vunce. Dey iss der very eembodiments off funs and tings; and how often soometimes I vish, dot I vos also vun leetle hound-pupps, to cotch der bob-tail rabbits, yes.

If der yoong men off deese coountry vould tink ass mooch mit beesness, ass dey doo mit der base-balls, mooves, girls and tings, der veels off coommerce and der spendles off der meells vould run night-and-day, mit two-shifts, yes.

Meestress Eddys, ven she teach, mit der book vich she wrote mit Chreestian Science, and lef out der Devils, der Hells, der New Births and all off der sins off der peeples she coome into court, mit a bill off injoonctions, against moost all off der Plan off Salvation, yes.

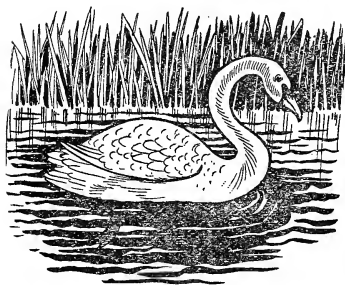


I hafe always been mooch poozled-up mit der hills. Efery time ven I go mit der foot off der hills, and look up I tink dot dey slant up; and efery time I look from der tops off der hills, dey seem too slant down, so I doo not know vich-vay dey slant, oonless both-vays, yes.

Der man or voman, vich iss always pointing der feenger off creeticisms at der peeples, seek or vell, dead or alife, goot or bad, saint or sinner, iss vun off der basest characters der world hass efer known, yes.

My old doonkey-mule make me mad mit cuss-talks, ven he cotch a bad cold and coommence all der time, to sneeze-mit-der-head so mooch. Soometimes I hafe strong notions mit der brain, dot I vill yoost caught him mit der tails and throw der blame ting out off der stable-door, vunce. I tink dot all mule-doonkeys hafe a fine ears for musics, yes.

If Jesus Christ and der Devil vos candidates for der Preesidency off der United States, vun mit der Deemocratic teeket and der udder vun mit der Re-poobli-can teeket; I would lufe mooch too know how der election would go, and vich would hafe der biggest majorities, and vich der eected vun and vye, yes.



How pleasingly enchanting it iss, too sit mit der lake-edge, and votch der swan-goose, ven she glide so smoothly mit der heafing bosom-chest off der vaters. She iss vun beautiful fowl-bird, and der neck, how long and graceful it iss; and if der misschief-boy brake it vunce, how mooch easy it would be, yoost too tie it mit a knot, and go on swimming, mit foot-paddles again, yes.





Martineela sayes: Daddy, vye iss it dot sooch a strong, rich coountry like der United States, vich iss der greatest nations under der Globe, hafe too repreesent it, mit der press-papers and tings, sooch an old broken-down picture-man ass Uncle Sam; and vye doo dey not hafe a Samson picture-man, ass der emblems and tings, no? I sayes: My soon, vye iss der Moons not made off a green-cheeses, yes?

It iss a mooch amusing tings, to close-votch soome off der mens, vich tink deemselfs vell-dressed, ven dey stand mit der corners off der ceety lanes, mit a large cigar and mooch-puffings; and, at der same time leaning far-back, feeling mooch ripe-oats; and mit two sly-eyes among der female-lady-folks, vich hafe der short skeerts, der thick powders, der peen-celed-brows and tings, yes.

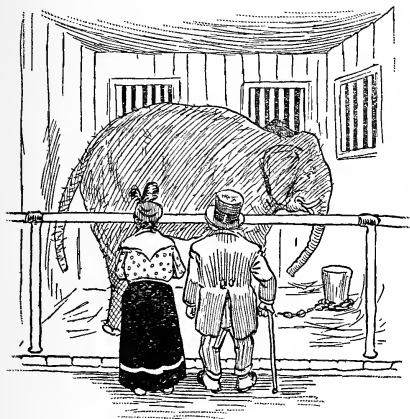
I vunce lifed mit a house, vare der vos an old-maid-speenster, vich hafe a mooch long sleek-tongue mit a poison-eend. Ven she coome down to breekfast, she vould hafe der tongue coommence vork; and ven she get it vorking goot and quick-fast, der blame ting would pop, yoost like der vipp-cracker, ven der farmer drife der cattles. By eleeven oclock at night, it vould becoome so tired from over-vork, dot it go on a strike, and reefuse too vork eeny longer. She vould reetire, and der tongue vould hang out of der bed-railings, for a long-quiet-and-peeceful-rest, yes.



Meeses Smoogles vos reading mit der press-papers, ven she turn mit me and sayes: Hammie, I see vare I can tomorrow, get a nice spring hat for seven dollars and feefty ceents. I hafe already der feefty ceents, but vare can I got der udder seven dollars, vunce? I sayes: Mudder, took your legs mit der bank, dot iss der place vare you can always find mooch mooney, and doont bodder me mit spring hats, ass I vare caps, vich I buy for feefty ceents mit creedit, yes.

If der daddys and der mannys off deese coountry, had halfe der seense, der yoong soon's tink day dem-seelfs hafe, der elemeents vould always be lighted-up mit great breeliancy, yes.

Ven you sees a man running around, prooclain-ing himseelf a great deemocrat, or a great repoob-lican; you can yoost write it mit your hat, dot he iss vun great pie-hunter, mit no deeference ass to der kind off pie, no.



Meeses Smoogles: Hammie, how iss it dot der Elephant hafe two tails ven der udder cattles hafe but der vun tails? I sayes: Der Elephant, mudder, doont hafe but der vun tails, no. She sayes: You iss wrong, vunce, for der

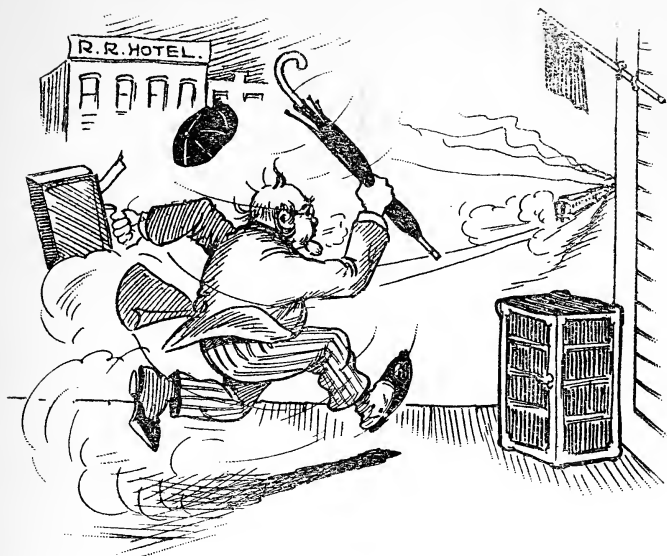
Elephant hass a tails mit both eends, yes. I sayes: Vot you sees mit der front eend, iss der nose off der Elephant, mudder. She sayes: Hammie, you know dot noone off der cattles hafe long-noses like dot, and I vill not beeliefs vot you sayes, no.

Caruso sayes too hiss mudder: Mudder, vot iss der udder names off Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob and all off der udder vuns mit der Biples? Iss der names John Abraham and Jim Isaacs and Martin Jacobs, like my name iss Caruso Smoogles, or vot iss der names, yes? Meeses Smoogles sayes: Go ask your daddys, mit sooch questions and doont bodder me, vunce.

Mit der spreeng-time, ven der song-birds melodize der forests, and der leetle buds begin too swell and burst mit der flowers; and all natures put on der beautiful dress off green; and ven der yoong mans fancy turns mit lufe, vot a sweet time it iss too be born early mit life, and inhale der perfumes off der sweet smell-odors, yes.



Martineela sayes: Daddy, vye iss it dot all der frogs vich lif mit der vaters, iss called bool-frogs, iss der no vimmen frogs, no? I sayes: My soon, I hafe nefer studied der bool-frog question, and you vill hafe to ask your mudder, for she seems too hafe raised several off dem, yes.



I soometimes always hafe great and sad sympathies, mit der traveling-coomercial-toorist-salesman, ass I vos a piece off der same tings, vunce; and, I know hiss up-trodden and down-trodden pathvays; and, how soometimes he try hard too cotch der first, or der next going-out-trains, dot he may sell moore goots before he sleep again. I remeember how, mit vun occasion, I tried mooch-hard too cotch vun, and hollowed mit der condoctor, too stop der pool-een-gine and vait a minute; but der blame-ting vould not at all leesten, and ven I vent back mit der hotel-clerk, I tole him strong vot I tink, vunce.



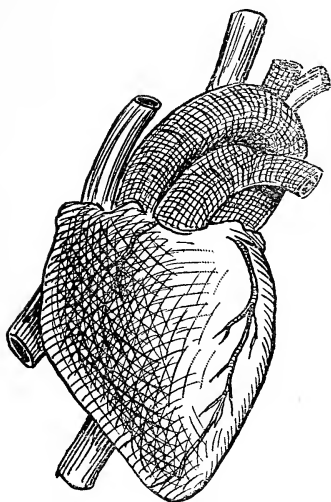
I hafe coome too tole you dot you iss der eembody-ments off mooch no-count meanness. Vye mit der meeschiefs, did you not vake-me-up, vunce, so dot I cood cotch der next trains, ass I tole you? Now, I cannot to-day sell too merchants eeny moore receipts for making black-berry pies, mitout berries, and iss mit der devels and der deep blue-seas, till der next going-out-trains; and, if my brain vos a leetle-moore-madder, and my height soome-taller-up, I would cause you soome personal-troobles. You charge me feefty ceents mit vun bath, ven I cood buy enough vater for dot, too bathe forty cattles, vunce.



Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, I see mit der press-papers dot a geentleman hass yoost returned from an oxtensive trip around der vorld. Oh! but how anxious I iss too take vun off der same trips, yes. I sayes: Mudder, dot iss no new tings, at all. I know many peeples vich take a trip like dot efery day, and I am expecting to doo der same ting mit der next tweenty-four hours, if der earth-doont stop mit its turnings, no.

I hafe moore reespect for der butt-eend off a keeking mule, den I doo for der man vich iss a great poleemetician mit election day oonly. All two off dem iss der first cousins mit der doonkey, yes.

Der oonly deeference between der Deemocratic party and der Repooblican party iss dot all two off dem iss running for der same blamed-office, and both oxpecting too vin, yes.



Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, I hear so many peeple talking mit der heart-lufe, and tings. How iss it dot der heart can be meexed-up mit lufe? I sayes: Mudder, der deec-tionary-man hass got der heart-and-lufe meexed wrong soome vay. Der heart iss oonly-flesh, dot iss all, and iss vun awfully beesy-leetle-ting, night and

day, and vich hafe no time at all too fool-mit sooch a ting ass lufe. It iss der poomping-station for der blood, and dot iss all it can hafe time too doo, and ven it take vun-leetle-vacation, or go too fooling-mit-lufe and tings, den you iss-dead, vunce.



Coonfound der Joory Seestem! Reecently soon a man vos tried mit twelf goot men for moorder. Dey reetired all mit der same bed. Because vun off der twelf cood not agree mit der udder-vuns, instead off hanging der moorderer, der vun-man hoong der whoole dad-blame joory mitout a trial, yes.



Der oonly vay too got a goot spelling-educations iss mit der blue-back-speller, near der back-woods off der coontry; vare der school-cabins hafe poon-choon-floors; and der

seet-beenches iss made off split-logs, mitout-backs, vare you seet all day long mitout feet-rests or back-rests; and vare you all-der-time hear der udder childens spelling-out, ven you iss trying so hard mit study, vunce.

Martineela sayes: Daddy, hass der trees got troonks, and doo dey pack soome leaves mit dem, vunce? I sayes: My soon, der trees doont hafe no troonks at all, no. Dot iss annudder false sayeengs mit der deectionary-man, yes.



Vile passing mit a reesidence reecently soon, mit der moon-light efenings, I spied a yoong man and yoong lady, oxercising der eendependent libertees off courtsheeps. Der udder peeples had retired too private sloomberings. I sayes mit myseelf, less stop a meenite, and mabee ve vill make soome new dees-coveris; and vile vaiting, der yoong female-lady vent mit liquidations and vos soon mit der arms-off-a-receiver, yes.



My leetle soon Hammie, vent too crawl through der crack off der vence and got fastened like a peegy. Mrs Smoogles came running too der back-rear off der house, mit great oxcitements and sayes: Hammie,

run mit der ax too der voods and cut a hand-spike quick vunce, leetle Hammie iss suiciding mit der fence. I grapped der ax and rooshed too der voods, cut der spike and back. Ven I got too der front yard, leetle Hammie vos yoost breathing hiss last-eend, and soon vos asleep mit der angels. He looked so happy from der teerrible oxperience vich he had, dot ve lef him stay mit-der-fence, till der funeral coome, yes.

Human nature iss a vonderfully inconstent doctren. For eenstance, ve see udder peepel doo tings, vich ve violently condemn; and yet approve der very same tings fully, if we or any off our own famely doo dem, yes.

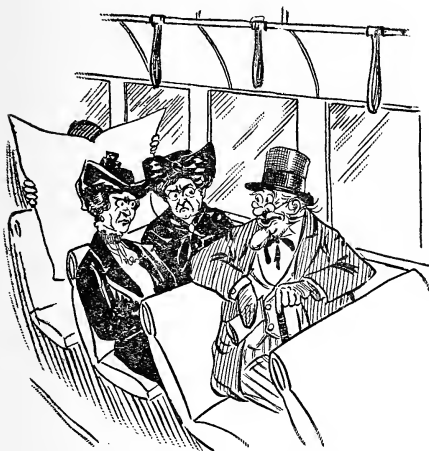


Hammie sayes: Mudder, a boy tole me recently soon dot hiss daddy joomped a boord-bill, yoost how far pleese, vould he hafe too joomp, vunce? Meeses Smoo-gles sayes: I doont no my soon, go ask your farders, for I tink he iss used to doo der same kind off oxercises; but I cannot now tole you how many, nor how far he joomp, no.

I like vunderfully mooch, and mit pleasures, too votch der cute leetle feeshes, ven dey play back-and-forth by deemselfs, mit der clear-crystal vaters. Dey iss mitout doubt, der reeal embodyments off funs and tings. I cood yoost seet and votch deir pretty mouths and ruby-lips a long, long time, mitout sleep, ass dey look sooch-a-resemblance, too soome off der female-girls, yes.

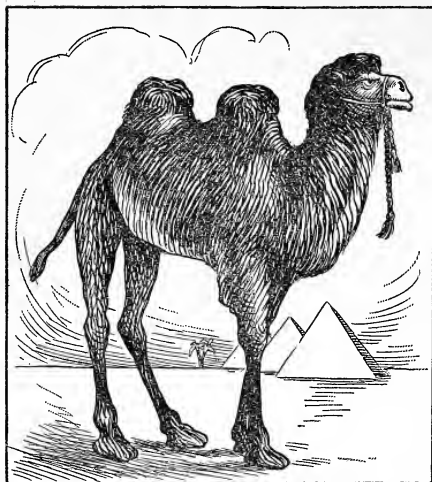
Der iss mooch goot mit all off der peeples a part off der time; and a part off der peeples all off der time; but der iss no-goot mit all off der peeples and a part off der peeples, mit der same time, no.

I beelief dot mit der lowest pitts off der Hells vill be found der blackmailer and der slanderer, vare two-shifts off der Devels Angels vill be kept busy, keeping der fires alvays punched up goot and hot, too accommodate der capaceety off der vuns mit der pitt, yes.



I vos riding mit a street car in Washington Ceety last August, and heard vun lady say mit annudder vun: I was completely snowed-under all last week. My ears being shocked mit sooch a sayings, mit der hot soom-

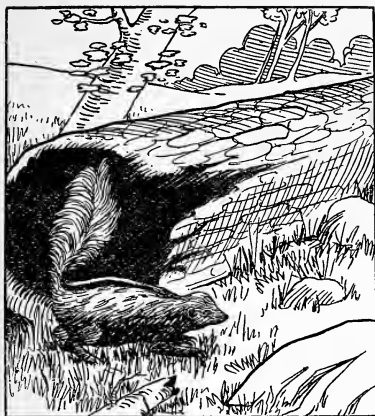
ertime, I turned and sayes: Oxcuse my pardons, Meeses, but vare vos you all last veek? She sayes: I was down in Georgia. Being still moore oxcited mit her statements, I oxclaimed: Mine got, vot a calameetees! Iss der crops ruined, please? She sayes: No the crops are very good, I thank you. Snow mit soomer, in Dixie-Georgia, and der crops not ruined! Vot you tink off dot, vunce?



I tink dot der saddest ting mit tongue or pen, iss der Camels back vich might hafe been-soome udder shape. It look mit me dot der poor ting hass been broke-twice; and den der neck prized up, so dot der head steek mit der

elements, straight up, mit mooch sorrowful-sadness off der eyes. Efery time ven I look mit him, I yoost vant too go off, mit a brier-patch and coommit quick death-suicide, for he iss der saddest and der ugliest off all der human-cattles, yes.

According too der doctrens off Meester Socrates, you may ven you die, be transmigrated mit der form off a Camel, and lif again mit all sooch ugliness; but if so, I can not see how you vill efer expect vun-happy-day. Ven I go, mit der heavens, if I find der poor old broke-back camel deir, I know my happiness vill be at vun last-eend, for vun sad-look mit him, yoost throw my stoomache all out off sorts, vunce.



Der anemal vich make me run away quick-fast, iss der blamed old pole-cat-skoonk. Oh! but sooch a foul-breath-oders, ass he hafe, ven he breathe mit you strong. How der cheeckens efer stand him iss der puzzles off

der communitées; but der iss vun goot and honest ting mit him and dot iss; you always know who stole der cheeckens, if he stole dem; ass he vill leff der strong-breath-oders mit you and udders for seeveral days; and gife you der oder-direction off hiss goings too, yes.

I soometimes often vish too sayes deese sweet leetle prayers: O Lord hafe meercy upon der goot men and vimmins off deese vorld. Hafe mooch great meercy upon der foul-mouth poison-tongue slanderer; vich iss always trying too blacken and deestroy goot characters, mit der foul-mouth and poison-tongue. If deese black characters efer slip mit der Kingdom off Heaven, please notify der sweet angels mooch-quick; dot der own characters may be safed from der serpents hissing tongues, Amen, yes.



Der greatest War-Battle vich I efer saw vos ven a boy. Three leetle girls and three leetle boys agreed too surround and bombard a boomble-bees nest. We asseembled, I vos der coommander, and der veppons too be brooshes cut from der booshes.

After surrounding der nest, I sayes: Forward March, den I said: Fire! All coommenced too battle. Soon twenty-five too feefty bees rooshed out like boolets mit efery direections. I sayes: Took mit your legs girls, took mit your legs boys. Dey begin too scatter. Vun bee strook a girl mit der calf; annudder bee strook annudder girl above der knee; annudder bee got mit a boys breeches. Der girl toore off der skeert, and der boy roon out off hiss breeches. I den sayes: Forward March, but der sooldiers vould not. Vun boy vent hoome mit-out hiss breeches; vun girl mitout her skeert. Resoolts off der battle mit killed, voonded and meessing: Three dead bees mit der battle feeld; two voonded girls; vun voonded boys; vun meessing skeerts; vun meessing breeches. Oxpleenations:



Ven a bee shoot hiss steenger mit you, vich iss all der instrouments off varfare vich he hafe, he vill lef it mit you; and not hafing any vay too defeend heemself any moore; he grow deespondent and coom-mit soocide, mit der feeld off battle, by breething hiss last-eend, yes.



Dey sayes dot der reeson dot all der fameeles off der rabbet kingdoms hafe no tails, but soome cottons vare der tails used too vos; ass dot der first deescovered rabbet, vos found mit der cotton fields, ven der man cut off hiss tails mit a hoe; der rabbet run through der cotton fields, mit a bleeding-cut-off tails and dot soome cottons steek mit der bleeding place, vare der tails vos, yes.

Off all der beasts, cattles and tings, delifer me away-from der grown-up spoiled child. He iss der eembodyments off deessatisfactions, unhappeeness and groomblings. I vould yoost lufe too use a strong sheengle-board, mit der rear-eend off hiss anatoomys, for thirty-seex times der space, vich coovers day and night, yes.



song-notes, yes.

If I cood be vun bird-seenger, like Meester James Calvin Hooper, off Dallas, Texas, ven he wrote der book Portinia; I vood climb der tallest-up tree off der foreests; get vay out mit der top-leembs; streetch my leetle neck and immoor-talize der foreests, mit der

Last veek I vos valking mit der lane off der ceety, mit annudder geentleman, ven ve met mit a man cooming. Der geentleman sayes: From the way that man walks he must feel his oats to-day. I sayes: Vell, he iss my neighbors, mit der coountry; but he raised no oats deese yer. He planted a crop but der blame-tings yoost sprouted, dot vos all. Dot iss der vay off meeny American mans. He tink he hass mooch-oats, but no.

If I had forty-vun soon, I vould gife efery vun off dem an educations; but vould not gife dem any mooneys at all, no. Der yoong man iss better off, ven he doo mooch-battle in making a start mit life. Der mooneys vich he make, steeks mit him heap mooch better, den vot hiss daddys gife him, yes.

Caruso sayes: Daddy, vye iss it dot ven der busy lanes cross each udder, dot der ceety hafe a poleeceman to tell der shoofers mit der automooheels ven and how to stop, ven to go, and how to go, please? I sayes: My soon, der yoong shoofers doont hafe no respect at-all-mooch for der pooblicks, hafing nefer attended sooch a college deemselves; and der ceety moost see dot dey doo not roon ofer all off der peeple. Dey hafe rooned ofer der poleecemen several times, already; but cannot nefer kill dem, ass dey hold polecees mit der eenshoorance coompanies, free from death, vunce.



Der iss nottings so beautifully-nice too hafe mit der house ass der chil-dens, oexcept it iss der pee-gs. Dey iss full mit romplings, gigglings, noises, cryings and tings; and ven you vish too read or sleep, how sweet it iss too hear der noises. Mudder and me nefer iss reel-happy, unless ve iss always bathing der keeds, tying up der stumped-toes, or vorking mit dem all night-long, yes.



Meeses Smoogles  
sayes: Hammie, I  
bet feefty ceents  
you cannot tole vot  
sharp ting I did to-  
day? I sayes: I  
know you iss  
mooch-sharp but  
vot you doo? She  
sayes: I vent mit

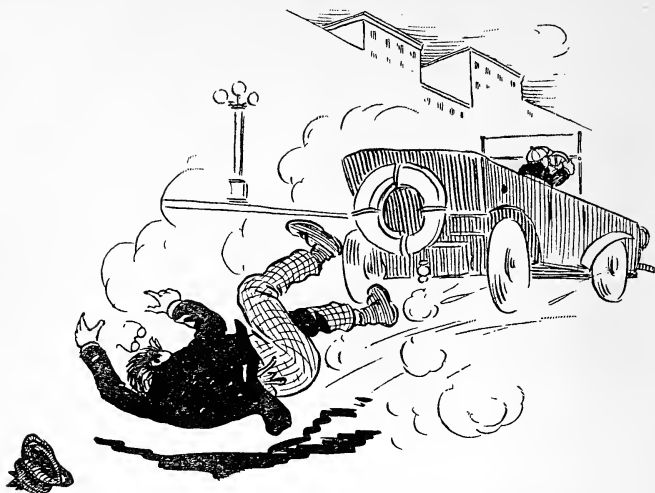
der apartment store and osked der man if he would  
gife me creedit mit a seven-dollar hat vunce; and he  
say yes, so here iss it. I vill to-morrow go mit der  
same store, beefore der transaction cool-off, and get  
annudder vun yoost like it; and hafe him charge dot  
vun, den I vill hafe two hats mit no pay, vunce. I  
sayes: Mudder, you iss der very eembodiments  
off sharp-shrewdness. I vill doo my hats and caps  
and tings der same-vay, yes.

Der sayings vich sayes: Spare der rod and  
save der childens iss mooch wrong. Der human  
fameeles iss moore like der mules den dey iss like  
deemselfs. I am afraid off der doctrins vich, ven  
der mules iss unrooly, dot you moost loofingly rub  
hiss ears and hiss neck too make him pool. I hafe  
vorked der blamed-fool mules long enough too know,  
der doctrines yoost vont vork, no.

Der Biple iss mooch wrong ven it sayes: Bridle der tongue. Der iss many vimmens and mens vich hafe tongues too-long to bridle, yes. Der oonly reemedy, too releef der suffering fameeles and coommuneetes, mit vich der long-tongues oxist, iss too hafe a surgical-amputations off der first seex eenches off der free eend; after vich not oonly der coommuneetes and fameeles vould hafe mooch great rejoicings, bondfires and tanksgifings; but der cut-off poortions off der tongues, vould hafe mooch peace-and-rest, yes.



I soometimes always tink dot der best meed-icines to gife a spoiled child, vich hafe a bad dees-positions, iss too feed it mit three vippings daily, and shake vell before gif-ing. If der three doses doos not act vell, make der meedicines stronger and gife moore frequently often; but remeember deese, dot if you begin eerly mit life, too gife der meedicines, der child vill not need mooch, no.



Meeses Smoogles vos reading der press-paper, ven she turn mit me and sayes: Hammie, I tink dot der automobeel iss a beautifully-pretty ting, vich glide ofer der ground-surface so smooth, yoose like der big sheeps mit der ocean. I sayes: Mudder, dot iss all mooch true, but der iss vun ting I do not at all like mit dem, and dot iss, dot dey iss like der gun and der boolet, dey hafe no reel eyes at all. Dey hear you cooming, and fill deemselves mit air and blow-strong mit a noise; but doont hesitate at all, not efen after you iss runned ofer; and doont look mit deir glass-eyes, nor listen-to-see how mooch dead you iss. Off course, der blame yoong goat, vich pool der blow-treeegers and tings, mit a swelled head, can not nefer know der seetuations off your coonditions, for he hass no goomption-sence, and hass not nefer attended der College-Off-Human-Respect, no.



Meeny peeple talk so mooch mit-der-mouth, and say sooch a small-few-tings, dot dey doo not hafe eeny time mit vich to lees-ten mit vot udders may say; but all der time keep der toong-and-mouth go ing,

yoost like der buzzing electric fans, vich you see mit der ceety; both off dem blowing-vind all der time, and nottings moore. It look mit me, dot der brain vould becoome deesgusted, and file a beel for separations, mit der law-courts, vunce.

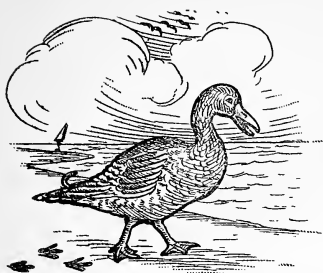
I vos vunce introduced mit a red-headed lady-girl off New York State. I wrote her a leetle letter mit a varm lufe-vord or two. She replied and said: Don't be discouraged, but a great storm of snow and sleet is raging, and I cannot write warm words. I wrote immeediately soon and sayes: Der same blamed-storm hass hit deese section, and efery vord I write hass a leetle iceecle hanging, mit der bottoms. I nefer heerd annudder vord, but always soopposed dot she died, moost-instantaneosly, for der vant off breath, yes.



Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, vye iss it dot der yoong keeds iss so deefferent ass dey used to vos, ven ve vos childens, and dot now dey doo moost-all-der-talkings; and mit der street cars and udder places, dey doo not joomp-up and gife older vuns der seats and tings? I sayes: Mud-der, ven ve vos childens, der farders and mudders made der childens keep-quiet, ven older peeples vos talking; and also made dem joomp-up and gif older peeples seats and tings; and iff dey did not doo dot, dey would get soome good sweetch-vippings, vich make dem dance around, vunce; but now teember iss so-scarce and loomber so-high, dot der parents can not find eeny sweetches or sheengle-boords; and der childens grow-up, mitout mooch corrections at all, and yoost doont try too know eeny better, no.

Ven I yoost too lif mit der coontry, I vould often votch der leetle peeys drink der slops, and votch dem ravel and unravel der curly leetle tails. Ven dey feels goot mit dreinking, dey vould curl up der tails and den uneurl dem again, and versi-viceer, yes.





Vun ting I do not nefer vish too again meet, iss der flat-beel-duck. Der noise vich he make mit der beel, iss woorse enough; but dot iss not half-so-mooch der trooble. Efery time ven I meet mit him, and look-good mit der beel; I nefer fail too disremeember der udder beels, vich poke-deemselfs mit my face, der first off efery month, yes.

I always like better too hafe argumentations mit a voomans den mit a mans. Ven you argue mit a mans, he vill go all aroound der house too oxplain der locations off hiss poositions. A voomans will not doo dot, no. Ven you osk a voomans too state der reasons vye she beeliefs ass she does mit her soobjec; she vill tell you at vunce, and her answer iss always reedy; and ven she gif it, you can make no answer. She vill sayes mit mooch positive empheesis: Just because! How can you answer sooch a logeechianist, yes.

I do not like soome off der languages vich Mr. Shakespeere use, nor do I like der coompanies vich he keep; but I vill take off my cap mit his efer-boobling-geuiuses, vich he put mit all hiss plays and tings, vich he write, yes.



Vile I beelief dot Meester Darwin iss mooch wrong, ven he say dot der man coome from der leetle smart-fool moonkey; yet I beelief strong mit der doctrin, dot der vimmens coome from der bears. Moost off dem hafe already, bear-arms and bear-ankles and bear-necks and tings, and it iss moost natural too sooppose, dot der udder part off dem, vich ve doo not always see, iss bear-too, yes.

Soome twenty years ago, vun off my neighbors, vich I mooch luft, phoned ofer too know, if I would be vun off der corpse-bearers, mit der funeral off hiss murder-een-law. I sayes: Tanks, mit pleasures, I vill be oonly too glad too be vun. I hafe been voondering, all deese years, if der blame fool reely-meesunderstood der meanings off der remarks, vich I sayes too him, yes.



Efery time, ven I look-goot mit der vimmens, I hafe sooch a sorrowful-sadness off der heart, dot I yoost vant too go off mit a brier-patch, and cry mooch mit my eyes. Deese high-cost off lifing iss vun awful, awful tings! Yoost tink, how der beautiful, sweet lady-folks, hafe not and cannot get

no mooneys at all mit vich too buy on a creedit, goot theek-varm stockings, and goot-varm sleeves, and soometings-at-all, too coofer der neck and tings; but yoost all der time, vinter and soomer, hafe too go mitout sooch splendid coomforts, yes.

I hafe greater beleefs mit der doctrin off men and vimmen cooming from der hen and der rooster, den I hafe dot ve spring from der anceesters off a moonky. Vun reason iss, dot all off us moost scratch for a lifing; and annudder iss dot der hens and vimmens loud-cackle, and der men and roosters strong-crow; but der man iss moore off a resemblance mit der rooster, den der rooster iss mit der man, yes.

Martineela sayes: Mudder, I doo not like der looks off my face, ass my nose iss too crooked and my lipps iss not on straight. Meeses Smoogles sayes: My soon, doont bodder me mit your face. It may not now be yoost mit der latest fashion-style; but it vont be long till all der present styles vill change and you may den be all right, so go-along, vunce.



Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, I tink der poolecemans iss a mooch valuable man mit der coommunity, and dot he iss der eembodyments off protection. I sayes: Yes mudder, dot iss all mooch true, he iss vun man vich ve cood not doo mitout at all, and eef it vos not for him, nottings would be safe no moore, no.

Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, doont you tink dot life iss plum-full-up mit eempty dreams, vunce? I sayes: Vell mudder, der iss mooch moore poetry den trooth, mit vot you say. Life iss followed-up mit happeness vun day, and mit un-joys der next, yoost vun blame-ting before der udder vun, all der time, yes.



Mit vun occasion away down mit der Savannahs off Dixie-Georgia, I becoome der geest off a street car for a veesit mit a yoong female-lady friend, and asked to be put off at East 31st Street. After hafing gone about three miles, I sayes too der condoctor: Iss ve not vay past our journeys last-eend vunce? He sayes: lord, man you aint never started yit. Being mooch provoked mit bad humors, I sayes: Stop-quick, der blame car, and let us pray, vunce. Ven I return mit der hotel, Mrs. Smoogles sayes: Hammie, vare mit der mischeefs hafe you been? I sayes, mit mooch reelegious meekness off der voices: I hafe been praying mit der street cars, yes.

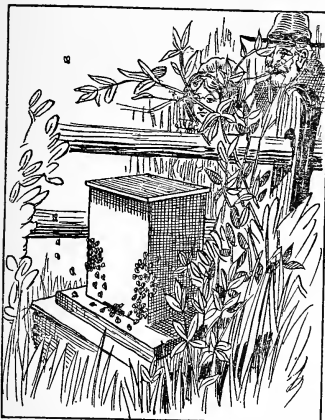
Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, I hear so-mooch talkings and tings mit der Anglo-Saxon-Race, how iss dot, please? I sayes: Vell, mudder, I vill tole you how dot iss. It iss all mooch true dot der Anglo-Saxon-Race iss vun great race, vare der iss mooch rooning; but ven you coome too tink reel-hard mit it, der Keentucky Gildings, mit der autumn fairs, iss after all, der swifteest roonners off all der human-cattles vich hafe mooch legs, oxcept perhaps, it iss der snakes, yes.

Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, vot make you look so-long mit Meesses Smith today? Do you tink dot she iss beautifully-pretty, or vos you looking-eyes mit soome mischeefs? Vinking both-eyes mit each udder, I sayes, mit a releegious tone off der voices: I vos yoost looking-to-see, eef der vimmens iss really mit eeny kinsheeps off der moonkeys, ass Meester Darvins sayes, yes.



Mit der exeegences off vun occasion, ven I vos cooming down from der hill-tops off der mountains, into der low-lands off der vallees, a geentleman met mit me and sayes: Is this Mr. Smoogles? I sayes: Yes, deese iss Hammie Smoogles, vot iss dot vich you vant mit me? He sayes: I am told that you are the biggest false-liar-teller in the whole country, and I jest wanted to get one good look at you, sir. I sayes: Tanks mit der complements, look mooch ass you like, yes.

I beeliefs mooch mit der doctrins off der Heavens and der Hells, and dot der goot vill go mit der heavens vare all iss peace, and happiness; and dot der bad vill go mit der hells, vare all iss Devels and fires and tings, yes.



Der moost down-trodden off all der human-cattles iss der hooney-bee. He get up eerly and vork late all der time, mit no rest at all, not efen mit Soonday. Ven hiss mouth iss all sore-bleestered from gathering der sweet-hooneys, and he hafe filled-full der gum; dot he may lay-up and eenjoy soome nice-eatings, during der cold vinter; der white-man coome along and rob-take all he hafe, mit no pay at all. Ven I tink-strong mit sooch high-vay-robberys, my eyes iss so full mit sorrowful-sadness, dot dey roon streams off cryings, and I vant too yoost joomp mit boiling-hot vaters, and coommit quick assassinations, mit myself, vunce.

Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, I iss so glad-happy dot I yoost vant too joomp-up-and-down all der time, vunce. I sayes: Vot iss der matters, mud-der, dot make you dot vay? She say: Oh, but I iss too-happy too tole you der causes, so go-along, vunce.



Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, vye iss it dot der yoong men and student-boys ven several off dem iss to-gether, doo not seet-up and behafe deem-selves like geentlemen, ven dey iss mit der train, der street cars and udder pooblick places; but all der time play-pranks, sing, and cut-up-and-down so mooch? I sayes: Mudder, your ears vill be sad ven I tole you. Vun reason iss dot soome off dem hafe been brought-up mit a cabin-hoome near der back-woods, and hafe not nefer been used too mooch off a plenty; annudder iss dot der leetle-cabin, vich raised dem, did not hafe any fire-side, vare boys iss soopposed tooget eenstrootions mit der parents; and, annudder iss so sad I can hardly tole you, and dot iss, dot dey iss like der beely-goat, ven he valk der ceety-lanes mit hiss tails steeking der wrong-vay, dey doont seem too learn mooch by seeing udders; and den dey vant also too make a-show-off, vich dey tink iss smart, but vich iss mooch unseensible, and un-nice, vunce.

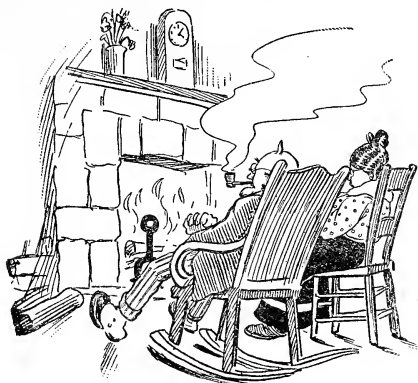




Meeses Smoogles  
sayes: Hammie, ve  
iss for a long, long  
time been so-happy  
and so-poor. Doont  
you tink dot der hap-  
piest peeples iss der  
un-rich vuns? I  
sayes: Well, mud-  
der, I vill tole you  
how dot iss. Der rich

can hafe soome tings dot der poor doont hafe,  
and der poor soome vich der rich doont hafe. It  
iss all mooch true, dot der rich hafe beeg fine-auto-  
mobeels and tings, vich dey eenjoy; but soometimes  
der blame-ting get scared and roon away and kill dem,  
before dey hafe time to make der last-payment; and  
den again, vile dey iss eenjoying der oxpeensive  
rides, ve iss valking mit health-oxercises, vich dey  
hafe yet too take; and vile dey iss vaiting for der  
shoofer too get der pool-eengine ready too go, ve iss  
doon-gone and back-again, mit no oxpeense. Vile  
der rich can hafe no fires, mit der vinter; and yoost  
hafe too smell-der-smoke from der basement, ve can  
seet-up and votch der beautifully-pretty blazes, mit  
our-own-eyes, and eenjoy der heat and tings. Ven  
der rich hafe beeg fine-houses and tings, dey hafe  
efery month too pay bills, vich often dey worry be-  
fore dey pay; and hafe also too-pay-taxes and tings.

Ve hafe no credits, because ve iss poor, but at der same time ve iss not annoyed by der beel-collector, efery few days; nor mit der paying off taxes and tings. Annudder ting, der rich iss coompelled too buy mooch clothes for a show-off and tings; and iss meeny times troobled because der clothes doo not make ass good a show-off, ass some off der udder-vuns. Der iss meeny tings I cood tole you, but I vill stop mit vun moore, and dot iss der eatings. Vile ve, all der time hafe der goot corn-bread-and-cabbages, vich make us stroong and healthy; dey cannot hafe dese coomforts, for eef der neighbors see dem eating sooch-tings, dey vould cut dem out off der so-ciety-list; and dey hafe too eat tings vich gife dem awful-digestions and tings. Vun udder ting I yoost must mention, and dot iss der childens. Ve iss had twelf childens, eef dey vos now alive vunce; and you know mit vot great-happiness dey hass been mit cryings and noises mit us. Mit der rich, dey



cannot afford too hafe but vun-or-two, ass dey cost too-mooch too raise, mit expenses; and also send dem off too der base-and-foot - ball - depart - meents, off der Harvards and der Yales,

vunce. Der poor iss got nottings, and nottings iss expected mit dem, so you see dot der geeneral-seet-uations, iss about der same after all, vunce.



On yeesterday I vent up-and-down town too der barber-shop and sayes: Hafe you, Meester Pittman, vun goot shafe left mit me? He sayes: Have a seat, Mr. Smoggles, I have seen them all, and I assure you sir, that you can find

none better. I sayes: Tanks mit pleasures. Ven I get goot mit der chair, he say: How will you have it, boiled, poached, scrambled or turned? Vinking and smoling vun eye mit der udder vun, I sayes: Vun side, please. Ven he get through mit me, I sayes: Vye mit der meeschiefs did you not shafe der udder side off my face, vunce? He sayes: You said one side. Being provoked mit bad humors, I vent out mit soome mumblings, and mit hotness off der collar, vunce.



I sayes mit Meeses Smoogles: Mudder, off all der peeple mit der earth, noone off dem can be off sooch an importance mit der pooblics ass, der goot old farmer-man, mit hiss plows and tings. Yoost tink, vot a hard, hard, time ve vould hafe, eef all der farmer-men-and-vimmens vos dead, and ve cood hafe no good corn-bread-and-cabbages, vunce.

Katreena sayes: Daddy, I hear so meeny peeple talking mit Adams-House-Cat, yoost how large and big vos der cat, please? I sayes: My daughter, Adam did not hafe a house-cat, and in fact he had no house at all, but yoost liff mit der Garden-off-Edens, and vare fig-leaves and tings, yes.



Martineela sayes: Daddy, I heard a geentleman on yesterday say, I am between the devil and the deep blue sea. Yoost how far-separated-apart iss der devils and der ocean-seas, please? I sayes: My soon, I iss no whale nor akin too der feeshes, and hafe not nefer lifed mit der oceans; but eef dey iss ass near-close mit you, ass you iss mit der devils, you iss den mit mooch great danger off being swallowed-up, mit drownings quick, vunce.

Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, ven I call you at seex oclock, vye did you not vake-up and coome too der corn-bread-and-cabbages, vunce? I sayes: Der reasons vos, dot I vos yoost rooning-of'er mit sleep and dreamings, and vos tinkng-how, I would luf too stay-always mit der same coonditions, yes.



Der rear-hind-sight off der fool, iss mooch better ass der front-fore-sight off der same fool. He vill ven yoong spend-away moore moneys den he

make, mit smokings, gamblings, carousings, drinkings, and tings. Ven he get mit ole-age, he vill den hafe too dig-mooch mit der grub-hoe, among der roots, vurns and tings, mit sweatings, and groomblings; vile hiss fameles and childens iss hungry mit rags and tings, yes.



Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, I hafe read so-mooch mit der press-papers about Washington Ceety and her 400,000 peeples. Doont you tink it iss a big-shame dot dey iss all deaf and dumb, dot dey cannot oxercise der voice mit der councils off der nation and vote, vunce? Vell, mudder, dey iss not deaf and dumb, dey yoost doont hafe der right too vote, dot iss all. It iss all mooch true dot dey should hafe a right too vote, because dey hafe too-pay-taxes and tings,

yoost der very cause vye ve fought hard mit our father-coontry, mit der Evolutionary Wars, vunce.



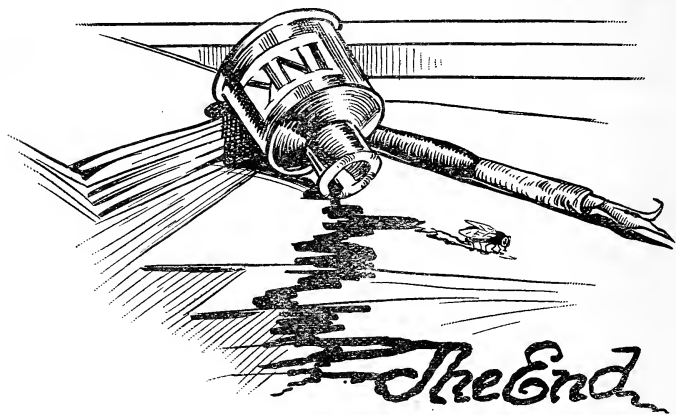
Meeses Smoogles sayes: Hammie, vye mit der meescheefs, did you seet like a noom-skull, all der time ven Messes Jones and Meeses Smith vos here to-day; and vye did you not talk soome mit us, vunce? I sayes:

Mudder, I thought you vos vise ass too my quietness, ass I hafe so meeny times explained der causes mit you. I hafe tried so meeny, meeny times too say soometings, ven der vos two or three udder vimmens present besides myseelf; but efery time, ven I try hard, two off der mouths vill got ahead off my sayings; so dot all I can doo, mit sooccees, iss too say nottings, ass der udder vimmens iss queeker, mit vorking der mouth-treegers den I iss, vunce.

It iss very mooch unseensible for mudder too scold or vipp a child, den pick up der leetle spoiled rascal; put it mit-her lapp; throw her arms around it; and try to sooth its rebeellious spirits. In doing sooch a

ting she iss yoost paveeing-der-vay for moore scenes off dot character. Der heep-best vay iss too vipp and yoost let it squall, till its squaller gets mooch-sore, yes.

Too Der Pooblicks Again Vunce: I am mooch sorrowful, mit great sadness off der heart, dot my yoongest lifing soon, Darian, hafe turned ofer der eenk-bottle and broke der pen; and der grocery store vare I buy, hafe vent mit der arms-off-a-receiver; dot I cannot now wrote moore books, so go-along and I vill soome day wrote mit you soome moore, after I find how you like deese, mit der telegram-vires; but doont fail too forget too hafe der vire-man seend der blame-beel mit me, der first off efery-month, yes.





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## “HAMMIE SMOOGLES”

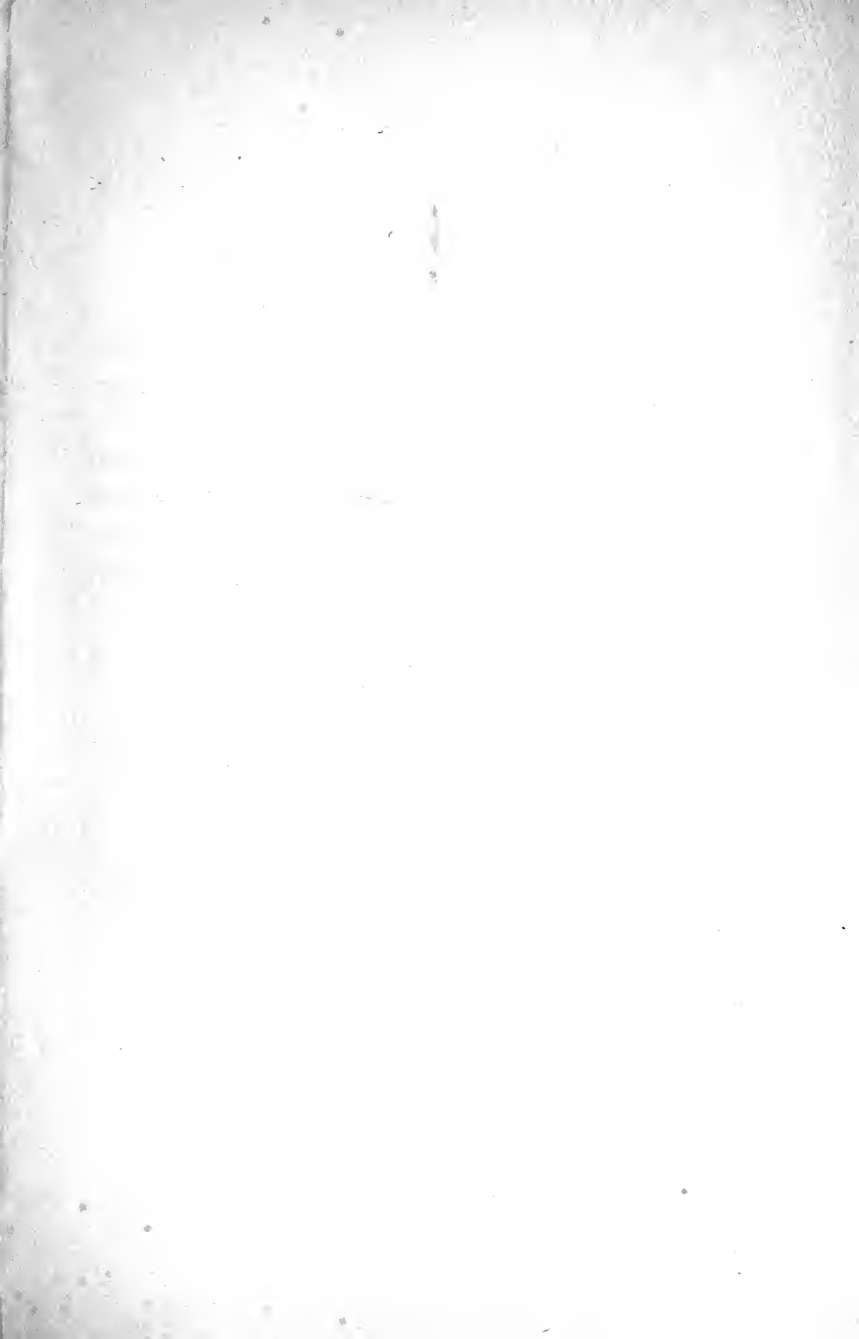
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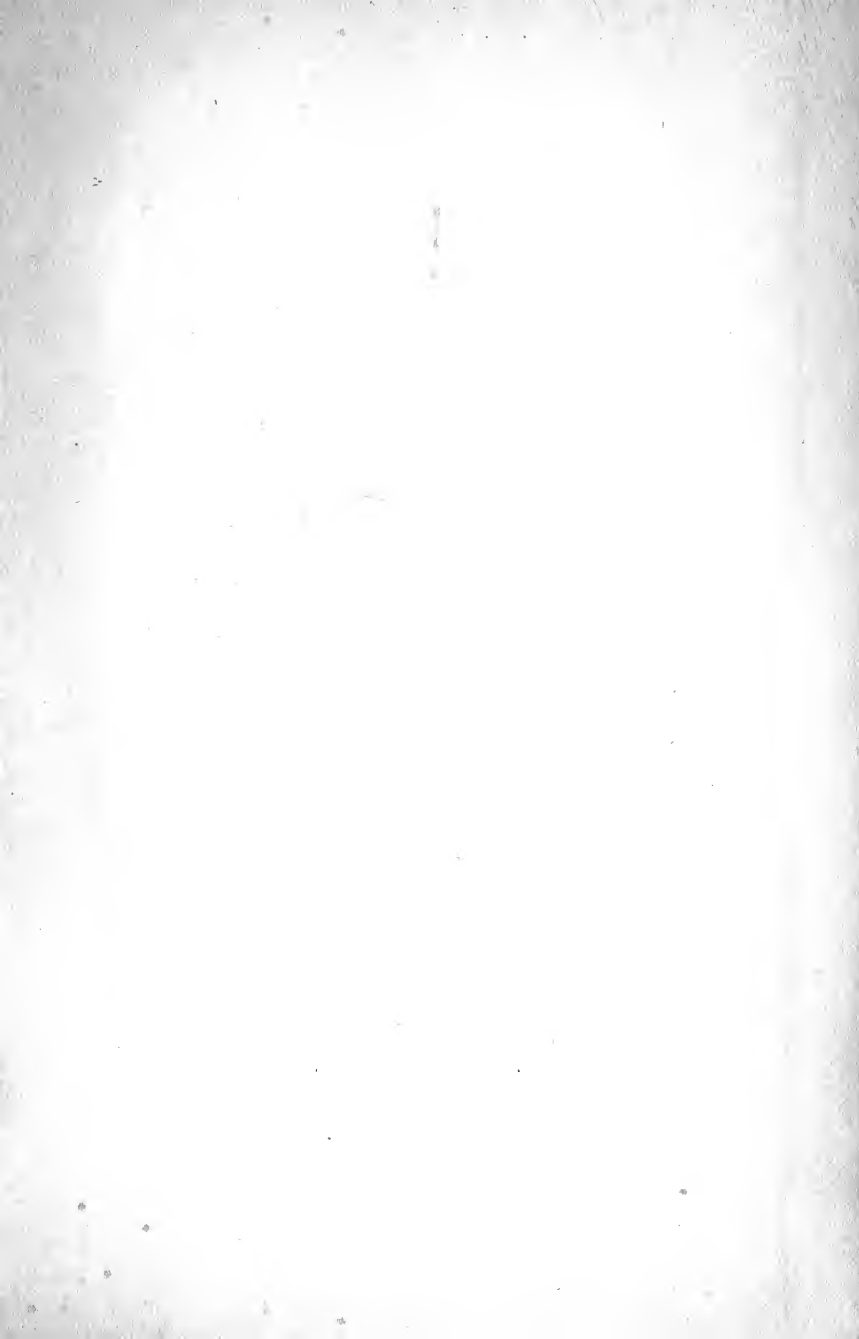
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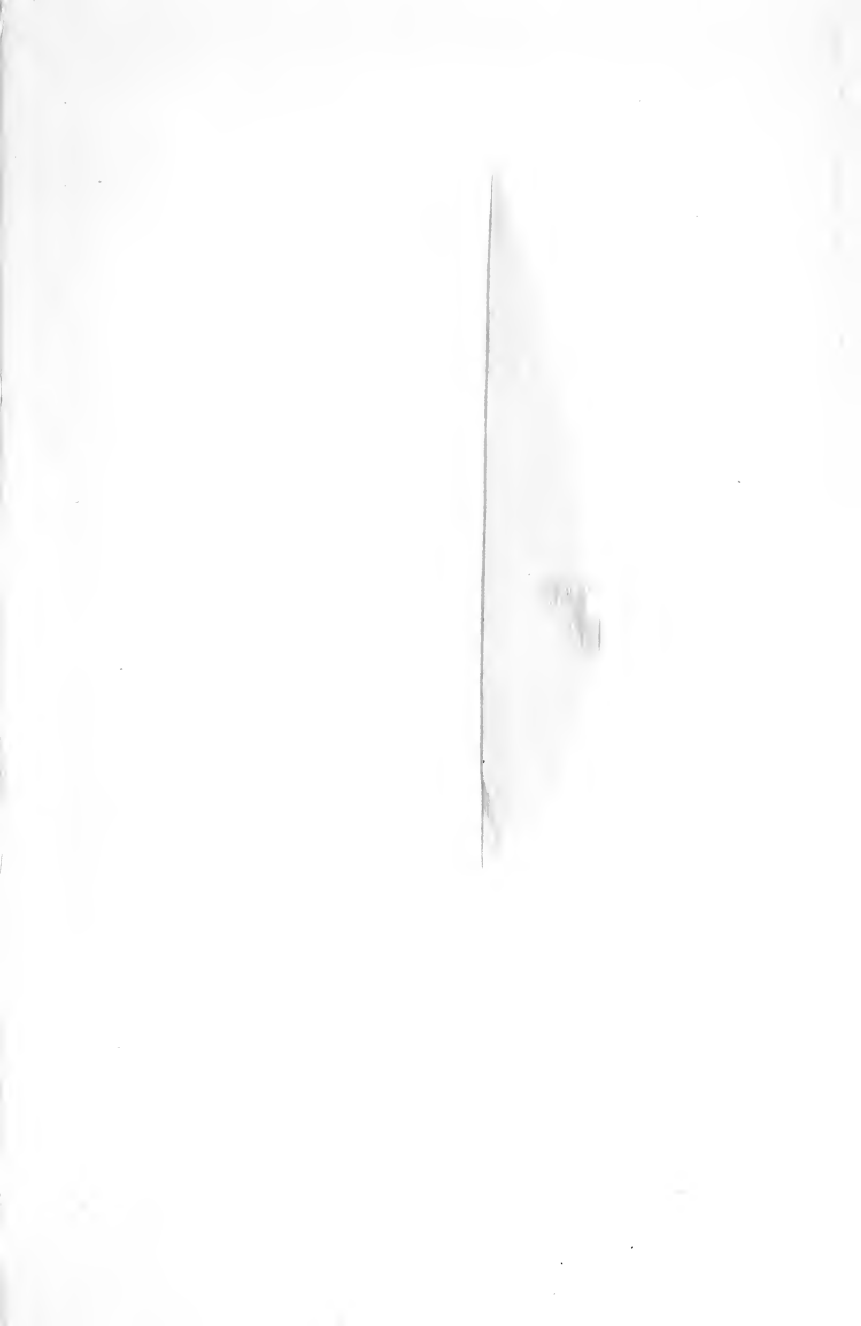
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